1607/3864(2)

THE MUSES CHOICE: OR, THE MERRY FELLOW.

BEING

A Collection of *Wit* and *Humour*,

Diversified with an uncommon Variety of

Merry TALES; Pointed SATIRES; Pastoral ECLOGUES; Humourous DESCRIPTIONS, Comic *Characters* in *High* and *Low Life*; SONGS, *English*, *Welch*, *Scots* and *Irish*; REBUSSES on Drinking Glasses, &c. EPIGRAMS, smart and tart; EPITAPHS, odd and curious, &c. &c.

All calculated for the Improvement and Diversion of the Young and the Gay, the Sportive and Facetious; and suited to promote Mirth in Good Company, or divert a melancholy Hour.

Extracted, partly, from the Works of the most celebrated Authors, such as *Congreve*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, *Prior*, &c. and, partly, from Originals, taken from private Manuscripts.

Jucundus Comes pro vehiculo est.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WARCUS, at the *Bible*, the Corner of *Rackett-Court*, *Fleet-Street*. M.DCC.LIX.

[Price One-Shilling and Six-Pence stitch'd.]

PREFACE.

So many and various are the Troubles, Vexations and Perplexities that are the continual Attendants on Man, thro' this tranſitory State of Mortality, that, were it not for ſome Recreations he has invented for his Relief, he would be the moſt miſerable of all created Beings. But, ſuch is his happy Genius, he has found out a Multitude of Diverſions, to ſmooth over and render tolerable the Ruggedneſs of his Paſſage, aud allevnate the Miſeries he feels in every Condition of Life. But of all the Inventions of this Kind, none ſeem ſo well calculated for the Purpoſe, as thoſe which have a Tendency to recreate and regale the Mind. Bodily Exerciſes, ſuch as Hunting, Fiſhing, Fowling, and other corporeal Activities, have their particular Seaſons, and are but of ſhort Duration. Sedentary Amuſements, ſuch as Cards, Dice, Tables, &c. are but too frequently pernicious to thoſe who follow them too ſedulouſly, and even at beſt, will ſcarce bear a ſatisfactory Reflection when other more neceſſary Calls oblige us to quit them.

But the Pleaſures of the Mind, which relax it from the Cares, and relieve it under the many Anxieties it daily ſuffers, are ſuch as afford not only an agreeable Refreſhment to the

Spirits at that Inſtant, but leave a delightful Impreſſion which is not preſently worn off. How often have we ſeen a Piece of facetious Wit, or a Jeſt well timed, put a Man in a good Humour, and made him a ſociable Companion for a whole Night, whom Croſſes or Diſappointments at Home or Abroad, had ſour'd, and put him off the uſual Biaſs of his Temper? When a Company has been put out of Humour, or perhaps ſet in the Hip, by ſome melancholy or diſagreeable Subject that has been canvaſs'd among them, ſome merry Fellow tells a pleaſant Story, full of jocular Incidents, or ſings a humourous Song; immediately every Countenance brightens with Life and Merriment, and the uneaſy Senſations, occaſion'd by their late unfriendly Debates, are inſtantly changed into hearty Laughter, Mirth, and Jocularity. So that we ſee here the Uſeful mix'd with the Agreeable, which is an Entertainment an honeſt Mind is beſt pleaſed with.

This then is the Deſign of the MUSES CHOICE; that is, to diſſipate Melancholy, and allay the Diſquietudes which every Hour, in ſome Shape or other, preſents us with. And ſo curious have we been in the Choice of our Remedies to anſwer theſe ſalutary Purpoſes, that we are perſuaded that there is not a Patient who labours under any of the above Diſorders, but will find here a Pill to cure him.

THE MUSES CHOICE.

REBUSSES *on* DRINKING-GLASSES.

Miſs Wall-ſing-ham.

WHAT encloſes a Plat, as I wiſh her dear Arms
Had my Body encompaſs'd, with Nightingales Charms,
And the Leg of an Hog, gives my deareſt her Name.
Her Beauties ſo great ſet my Heart on a Flame.

Rebus for Miſs M. Cotton.

One of the ſofteſt Things in Nature,
Bears the Name of my dear Creature.

Rebus on Miſs Anne Oliv-er.

A Pickle of excellent Growth,
And to * *Sin* againſt the Truth,
Tells the name of a Virgin of Beauty and Youth.

i. e. *To Err*

Rebus on Miſs Par-ſons.

A famous Old Man of Old Time,
And his Children, the Males of his Line,
Give the Name of my Beauty Divine.

Rebus on Miſs Nick-ells.

Take the Devil's ſhort Name,
And much more than a Yard,
You've the Name of the Dame
I ſhall ever regard.

Rebus on Canter-bury.

A Pace many like when on Horſe-back they ride,
And what I wou'd do with a termagant Bride,
Compoſe a Town's Name that this Kingdom contains,
Which you may find out if you have any Brains.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

To a Lady very violent againſt the Quakers Bill.

AT Quakers, dear *Euſebia*, why ſo wroth?
Juſt the ſame Principle directs you both;
Juſt the ſame Practice (and you'll ne'er forſake it)
Never to *give the thing*, but *let us take it*.

To

To CHLOE's *Looking-glaſs.*

Dear Mirror, tell me by what Art,
You bore her Image, yet are whole;
When the ſame Image *breaks my Heart*,
And ſubtly pierces to my Soul.

On CHLOE's *Picture.*

Her Face, her Mien, are drawn exactly forth;
What Lines or Colours can expreſs her Worth?
So from the Roſe's Shade we view the Roſe,
But all the fragrant dewy Odour loſe.

To SEXTUS.

Why wilt thou ſo much Time beſtow,
Sextus, to make thyſelf a Beau?
Thy Morning's ſpent before thy Glaſs,
Thy gaudy Coat, and tawdry Lace,
Serve but to make thee more an Aſs.
So Men who round the Country go,
And *Bear* and *Ape* for Profit ſhew,
To make the gaping Croud admire,
In Red the mimick Beau attire;
Yet howſoe'er he on himſelf may doat,
Pugg's but a *Monkey* ſtill, for all his Coat.

On MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a Country Dance
Where unthinking Man and Wife,
Who at firſt have met by Chance,
Soon are Partners fix't for Life.
Croſſing Fiſt, they figuring meet,
Hands with eager Preſſure take;

Falling

Falling off, to others ſet;
And conclude with Back to Back.

On a Garden near Richmond.

However titled and however fair!
Theſe Groves devoted to Oblivion are:
They ne'er can flouriſh in a Poet's Lay,
For well 'tis known——a Poet cannot pay.

To a Lady preſenting Fruit.

Charms of a more immortal Glow,
Had fir'd the *Trojan*'s Boy's Purſuit,
With ſuch a Grace as you beſtow,
Had *Venus* begg'd the fatal Fruit.

RESIGNATION *an excellent Virtue.*

Richard o' th' Green, grown old and very poor,
For *Sunday*'s Change had but the Shirt he wore.
Wakes, Fairs, or Markets, or whatever came,
He wore the Linen turn'd, but ſtill the ſame.
Whene'er 'twas waſh'd, or when a bleaching ſpread,
He ſtript to Buff, and lay the while in Bed.
At laſt, as drying in the Sun-ſhine laid,
Some Thief that made no Conſcience of his Trade,
A faithleſs Trimbuſh, who ne'er fail'd the Sport,
Skulk'd ſlily by, and ſtole away the Shirt.
The good old Wife ſcream'd out aloud, undone!
O Huſband! Gaffer! O thy Shirt is gone!
He cries in Bed—Peace, Fool, is that ſuch News?
Thoſe that have ſomething, they muſt ſomething loſe.

On the Peak in Derbyſhire.

Hills heap'd on Hills riſe through the yielding Air,
And to the Skies their lofty Tops uprear:
Impending Rocks ſpread o'er the ecchoing Vale,
Each Moment threatning a deſtructive Fall.
The murm'ring Streams through ſecret Caverns roar,
And foaming pour along the ſounding Shore.
The won'dring Traveller, with lifted Eyes,
Views the romantick Scene below him riſe;
Forms to his Mind what dire Confuſion flow'd
From rebel Giants battling with their God.

On the Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH'S *offering* 500l. *for the beſt Poem to the Memory of the* DUKE.

Five hundred Pounds! too ſmall a Boon
To put a Poet's Muſe in Tune,
That nothing may eſcape her;
Should ſhe attempt th' heroic Story
Of the Illuſtrious CHURCHILL's Glory
It ſcarce would buy the Paper.

A Dialogue between Father *and* Son *concerning the* Son's *Marriage.*

F. Now in the Prime of Youth, my *Florio*, ſay,
Why with ſuch Care you Marriage would delay?
Is there no Nymph worthy your Bridal Bed?
Why muſt I die before I ſee thee wed?
Your Offspring ſhould delight their Grandſire's Eyes:
S. But in my marrying, Sir, I would be wiſe;
I like not the gay Ladies of the Court:

F.

F. Why there, my Son, you're right, I like thee for't.
S. The formal City-dames I can't endure;
The wanton giddy Girl's for Love a Cure,
F. Who is it you cou'd like?
S. ——————— Sir, I would have
A Maid in Beauty gay, in Temper grave,
Wise, and yet full of Wit, free from each Vice,
No strait-lac'd Prude, tho' as to Honour nice;
I'd have her love, but not with Fondness cloy:
F. Romantic Puppy, mad, distracted Boy!
For such a Wife if you so long have staid,
You shou'd bespoke her, there's none ready made.

Gospel-Grace.

That Gospel Grace shou'd have its Race,
Who needed to have fear'd it?
In *England* if it had been preach'd,
All Nations must have heard it.

The Apprentice's Plea.

An Apprentice who had often found
The Way unto his Master's Nest,
Was bid to take Example from
Young *Joseph*, wise and chaste.
But he reply'd, that *Joseph*'s Case
Cannot with mine compare;
The Wife of *Potiphar* was black,
My Mistress kind and fair.

The Afflicted Parson.

A *Cornish* Vicar while he preach'd;
Of patient *Job* did speak,

Found

Found to his Grief, when he came home,
His Caſk had ſprung a Leak.
Enrag'd!——his Wife did then adviſe,
Job for a pattern chuſe:
But *Job*, he ſaid, had never ſuch
A Tub of Ale to loſe.

VULCAN *a Bankrupt.*

Tom Sledge, the Blackſmith, by his frequent Whets,
And ſpending much, contracted many Debts.
In this Diſtreſs he, like ſome other Fools,
Pull'd down his Forge, and ſold off all his Tools;
Nothing was left that would fetch any Price,
But after all was ſold, he kept his VICE.

On CHLOE *wearing Patches.*

Old ugly *Flavia* Patches wears
To hide her furrow'd Trace of Years;
With Patches pimpled *Phillis* covers
Her Imperfections from her Lovers.
But why, Oh! why ſhou'd they diſgrace
And hide ſo much of *Chloe*'s Face?
Where each a *Cupid* muſt diſarm,
Where each conceals a native Charm.
Chloe, for Shame, all Arts deſpiſe;
Miſtruſt not thoſe all conqu'ring Eyes;
No more thy angell'd Beauty ſhroud,
But ſhine, like Heav'n, without a Cloud.

On a Gentleman at an Aſſembly where they drew Lots for Partners.

Simon the witty does declare,
He'll dance with none but what are fair;

And

And ſhou'd he draw an ugly Dame,
He'd ſacrifice her to the Flame.
But now, to give the D——l his due,——
Suppoſe the Ladies ſhould reſolve like you,
And vow they never wou'd diſpenſe
Their Favours but to Men of Senſe;
And not to trip it but with thoſe
Who are as handſome as their Cloaths:
Shou'd they do this—Well, Sir, what then?
Why, Sir, you'd never dance again.

SACHARISSA's *Teeth.*

This Morning *Sacharissa* ſaid,
You twit me, nay, you boaſt too,
What every Tooth within my Head,
At different Times, has coſt you.
My laſt, I grant, were in your Debt,
Some Pounds, tho' no great Matter:
But now I've got a bran-new Sett,
Pray pay the Operator.

On a very beautiful but proud young Girl.

On *Dolly*'s Cheek the blooming Roſe,
Fluſh'd with its freſheſt Crimſon glows;
The lilly's Luſtre ne'er expreſs'd
The ſnowy Beauties of her Breaſt;
Form her Soul gentle as her Eyes,
Each Youth with tender Fondneſs dies.
But now, tho' charming as the Dawn,
Juſt bluſhing o'er the dewy Lawn,
Who ſees her's vex'd, and loaths her Smiles,
Such odious Scorn each Air beguiles;
With juſt Contempt all turn aſide,
And curſe ſuch Poverty and Pride.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH, *on Miſs* PIGG.

Reader, behold where lies interr'd
One of the faireſt of the Herd,
A ſucking Pigg——her Fate bemoan!
Her Briſtles ſcarce an Inch were grown.
Alas! ye Swains, her Loſs deplore,
The pretty ſucking Thing's no more.

The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHER.

Tom, ſtudious all the Morning, thinks,
And all the Afternoon he drinks;
A dry Way ſure is his of thinking,
Which can require ſuch after-drinking.

On the Grave-Stone of a BLACKSMITH, *buried in* CHESTER Church-Yard.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd;
My Bellows too have loſt their Wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Duſt my Vice is laid;
My Coal is ſpent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done;
My Fire-dry'd Corpſe lies here at Reſt;
My Soul, Smoke-like, is ſoaring to be bleſs'd.

On a Monument intended to be erected to Mr. ROWE, *by his Widow. Written before Mr.* DRYDEN'S *was ſet up. By Mr.* POPE.

Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair Shrine we truſt,
And, ſacred, plac'd by *Dryden*'s awful Duſt,

Beneath a rude and nameleſs Stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide enquiring Eyes.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt,
Bleſs'd in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſs'd;
One grateful Woman to thy Name ſupply'd
What a whole thankleſs Land to his deny'd.

On the late Lord H --- Y. *By the E. of* C --- D.

Nature, whilſt *H—y*'s Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing would end in,
Whether a Female, or a Male,
A PIN dropt in, and turn'd the Scale.

The Scotch *Weather-Wife.*

Scotland, thy *Weather*'s like a modiſh *Wife*;
Thy *Winds* and *Rains* maintain perpetual *Strife*;
So *Termagant*, a while, her *Thunder* hies;
And when ſhe can no longer *ſcold*—ſhe *cries*.

Mumpers Grace.

While Bunters attending the Archbiſhop's Door,
Accoſted each other with *Cheat*, *Bitch*, and *Whore*.
I noted the Drabs, and conſidering the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his Grace*.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

Nature to all does kind Proviſion make,
And what Men want in Head, they have in Back.
Then who can diſapprove the Fair ones Rules,
Who talk with *Men of Senſe*, and kiſs with *Fools*.

The TAME HUSBAND. *By* Dean SWIFT.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to his Heels, and he ran for his Life:
Tom's three deareſt Friends came by in the Squabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome Advice,
But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour ſo nice;
Too proud to take Counſel, too wiſe to take Warning,
He ſent to all Three a Challenge next Morning;
He fought with them all, thrice ventur'd his Life,
Then went Home again, and was threſh'd by his Wife.

The LOVER'S LEGACY.

Unhappy *Strephon*, dead and cold,
His Heart was from his Boſom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
To his beloved *Kitty* ſent.
Some Ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
But *Kitty* ſmil'd upon the Bauble;
A Pincuſhion, ſaid ſhe, I wanted,
Go, put it on the Dreſſing Table.

The LUCKY MAN. *By Mr.* WESLEY.

I owe, ſays *Melius*, much to *Colon*'s Care;
Once only ſeen, he choſe me for his Heir:
True, *Melius*; hence your Fortunes take their Riſe,
His Heir you were not, had he ſeen you twice.

Suicide.

When all the Blandiſhments of Life are gone,
The *Coward* creeps to Death, the *Brave* lives on.

On a handſome Woman, with a fine Voice, but proud and covetous.

So bright is thy Beauty, ſo charming thy Song
As had drawn both the Beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;
But ſuch is thy Avarice, ſuch is thy Pride,
That the Beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

On a Papiſt's praying to the Statue of a Saint. From Buchanan.

When you before an Image kneeling down,
Cry, with grave Face, *Our Father*, to the Stone;
Forgive me if I ſay you ſeem to me,
More ſenſeleſs than the Thing to which you pray;
As you yourſelf by this Expreſſion own,
For he's a *Block* whoſe Father is *a Stone*.

Balbina's Age.

If by her Hairs *Balbina*'s Age be told,
'Tis ſoon caſt up that ſhe is *three* Years old.

Epitaph *on an unknown Perſon.*

Without a Name, for ever ſenſeleſs, dumb,
Duſt, Aſhes, nought elſe, lies within this Tomb.

Where-

Where-e're I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, but am not, aſk no more of me:
It's all I am, and all that thou ſhall be.

On a certain Poet.

Thy Verſes are eternal, O my Friend,
For he who reads them, reads them to no End.

Wrote on the Door of the ANGEL INN, *in the Road to* Newmarket, *which was kept by two Siſters, but then ſhut up, and the Sign taken away.*

CHRISTIAN and GRACE
Liv'd in this Place,
An *Angel* kept the Door;
But CHRISTIAN's dead,
The *Angel*'s fled,
And GRACE is turn'd a Whore.

An EPITAPH *on* STEPHEN *a Fidler, in* Suffolk.

Stephen and *Time* are now both even,
Stephen beat *Time*, now *Time* beats *Stephen*.

An EPITAPH *on* JOHN.

Here lies *John*, who in few Words
Kill'd himſelf with eating of Curds;
Had he been rul'd by *Mary* his Wife,
He might have liv'd all the Days of his Life.

EPITAPH *on his Wife.*

Here lies my poor Wife without Bed or Blanket,
But dead as any Door-nail, G—d be thanked.

On an old Maid's Marriage.

Celia, a Coquet in her Mind,
The vaineſt Thing alive;
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time,
Marries and doats at Forty-five.
Thus Weather-cocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with ev'ry Blaſt;
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

The PENANCE.

When *Phillis* confeſs'd, her Father was raſh,
And ſo, without farther Reflexion,
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Laſh,
While himſelf would beſtow the Correction.
Her Huſband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
That he, in regard to her Weakneſs,
And to ſave her ſoft Back, wou'd himſelf bear the ſcourging,
With humble Submiſſion and Meekneſs.
She piouſly cry'd, when the Prieſt gave Accord,
To ſhew what Devotion was in her.
He's able and luſty pray cheat not the Lord,
For alas! I'm a very great Sinner.

Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman ſtood to do Penance in the Church.

Here ſtand I, for Whores as great
To caſt a ſcornful Eye on;
Shou'd each Whore be doom'd a Sheet,
You'd ſoon want one to lie on.

On an old Woman with falſe Hair.

The golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is hers: Who would have though it!
She ſwears 'tis hers;—and true ſhe ſwears,
For I know where ſhe bought it.

On another Old Woman.

From her own native *France*, as old *Aliſon* paſt,
She reproach'd *Engliſh Nell*, with Neglect or with Malice.
That the Slattern had left in the Hurry and Haſte,
Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-brows at *Calais*.

On a beautiful and ingenious Young Lady.

Minerva, one Day, pray let no body doubt it,
Rid an Airing from *Oxford* ſix Miles. or about it,
When ſhe ſpy'd a young Damſel ſo blooming and fair,
That, ah *Venus*, ſhe cry'd, is your Ladyſhip there?
Pray is not yon *Oxford*? and lately you ſware,
Neither you, not ought like you, ſhou'd ever come there.

Do you thus keep your Promiſe? And am I defy'd?
The Virgin drew near her, and, ſmiling, reply'd,
—My Goddeſs! What have you your Pupil forgot?
—Your Pardon, my Dear,—Is it you *Molly Scot*?

On an ugly old Woman in the Dark.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy Tongue,
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd?
But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

On JULIA'S *throwing a Snowball.*

Julia, young, wanton, flung the gather'd Snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry Blow,
'Tis cold, I cry'd, but ah! too ſoon I found,
Sent by that Hand, it dealt a ſcorching Wound.
Reſiſtleſs Fair! We fly thy Pow'r in vain,
Who turn'ſt to fiery Darts the frozen Rain.

On a handſome IDIOT. By Mr. CONGREVE.

When *Leſbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heavenly fair,
With Eyes ſo bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd celeſtial Fire;
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous Idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral Lips ſuch Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonſenſe heal'd my Wound,
And what her *Eyes* enthrall'd, her *Tongue* unbound.

On WEDLOCK.

In Marriage are two happy Days allow'd,
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shroud;
How can a Marriage State then be accurs'd,
Since the laſt Day's as happy as the firſt;

Solid Worth in a WIFE.

When *Loveleſs* marry'd Lady *Jenny*,
Whoſe Beauty was the ready *Penny*:
I choſe her, ſays he, like old Plate,
Not for the Faſhion, but the Weight.

The Maid's Labour. By Mr. PRIOR.

Ten Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed,
She warbled her Groans with ſo charming a Voice,
That one half of the Pariſh was ſtunn'd with her Noiſe.
But when *Florimel* choſe to lie privately in,
Twelve Months before ſhe and her Spouſe were a-kin,
She choſe with ſuch Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurſe, nay her Midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, Huſbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half ſuch a Tumult as Wives.

A Caſe for the CIVILIANS.

Nokes went, he thought, to *Styles*'s Wife to Bed,
Nor knew his own was lain there in her Stead;
Civilians, is the Child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

MANKIND *puniſhed.*

The Crimes of Men began to grow ſo great,
That how to puniſh juſtly, puzzled Fate;
Heav'n ſigh'd at laſt, that to his Sons ſo dear
A Puniſhment's decreed and ſo ſevere:
Go, ſays eternal juſtice, Hell-Hounds, go,
And execute my dread Commands below;
Fix your rapacious Claws on ev'ry Door,
Deſpoil the Rich, and poorer make the Poor,
Pity not Age, add to his Weight of Years,
And fill the wretched Widow's Eyes with Tears;
Diſturb their Sleep, and poiſon every Diſh,
Nor let them taſte, without a Doubt a Wiſh.
The Judge Supreme, who each Effect foreſaw,
Cry'd *Havock, and let looſe the Dogs of Law.*

Wrote on a Glaſs with the E. of Cheſterfield's *Diamond Pencil. By Mr.* POPE.

Accept a Miracle inſtead of Wit,
See too dull Lines by *Stanhope*'s Pencil writ.

On an antient Lady who painted. By JAMES MOORE SMITH.

Coſmelia's Charms inſpire my Lays,
Who, fair in Nature's Scorn,

Blooms

Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
Like *Glaſtonbury* Thorn.
Coſmelia, cruel at Threeſcore;
Like Bards in murd'ring Plays,
Four Acts of Life paſs guiltleſs o're,
But in the Fifth ſhe ſlays.
If e'er impatient of the Bliſs,
Into her Arms I fall,
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs,
Like *Thiſbe* through a Wall.

The WIDOW's *real Affliction.*

Doris, a Widow, paſt her Prime.
Her Spouſe long dead, her Wailing doubles;
Her real Griefs increaſe by Time,
And what abates, improves her Troubles.
Thoſe Pangs her prudent Hopes ſuppreſs'd,
Impatient now ſhe cannot ſmother;
How ſhou'd the helpleſs Woman reſt?
One's gone,—nor can ſhe get another.

The Cuckold's Complaint. By Mr. WELCH.

Cornus proclaims aloud his Wife's a Whore,
Alas! good *Cornus* what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

On a Lady who died ſoon after her Marriage. By Lady MARY W--- M.

Hail, happy Bride! for thou art truely bleſs'd,
Three Months of Rapture crown'd with endleſs Reſt.
Merit, like yours, was Heav'ns peculiar Care,
You lov'd,—yet taſted Happineſs ſincere.

To

To you the Sweets of Love were only ſhewn,
The ſure ſucceeding bitter Dregs unknown;
You had not yet the fatal Change deplor'd,
The tender Lover for th' imperious Lord;
Nor felt the Pangs that jealous Fondneſs brings,
Nor wept the Coldneſs from Poſſeſſion ſprings:
Above your Sex diſtinguiſh'd in your Fate;
You truſted—yet experienc'd no Deceit.
Soft were your Hours, and wing'd with Pleaſures flew,
No vain Repentance gave a Sigh to you;
And if ſuperior Bliſs Heav'n *can* beſtow,
With Fellow Angels you enjoy it now.

THOMAS's *Courtſhip.*

Thomas in *High-Dutch* once did court a *Wench*,
And to his Coſt, ſhe anſwer'd him in *French*.

WOMAN. *By* Mr. FARQUAR.

Nature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd,
They ſurfeit ſome, while many more are ſtarv'd;
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Was common Good, is now a private Store:
Nothing that's Good we have among us common,
But all enjoy that common Ill—a *Woman*.

Upon Something. Wrote under the Picture of DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

Thus blooming Youth in rip'ning Years,
Juſt as this amorous Boy appears,
And as this Girl the Fair Ones prove
In Years juſt op'ning into Love:
Something they feel, yet can't explain
This *Something* made of Joy and Pain.

Something

Something they want, yet know not what,
Or how this *Something*'s to be got;
Abſent they pine, yet when they meet,
They ſtill find *Something* incomplete;
By little Toys he'd fain attain
This *Something* to aſſwage his Pain;
As fain wou'd ſhe this *Something* grant,
Did either know what *Something* meant;
Unknown this *Something*, here's the Taſk,
How ſhe ſhould grant, or he ſhould aſk.

TRUTH *told at laſt.*

Says *Collin* in Rage, contradicting his Wife,
" You never yet told me one Truth in your Life."
Vex'd *Fanny* no Way could his Theſis allow;
You're a Cuckold, ſays ſhe, do I tell you Truth now?

ADRIAN'S *Soliloquy to his Soul on his Death-bed. By Mr.* PRIOR.

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering Thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleaſing Folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A Declaration of LOVE.

You I love, nor think I joke,
More than Ivy does the Oak;

More than Fiſhes do the Floods;
More than Savage Beaſts the Woods;
More than Merchants do their Gain;
More than Miſers to complain;
More than Widows do their Weeds;
More than Friars do their Beads;
More than *Cynthia* to be prais'd;
More than Courtiers to be rais'd;
More than Brides the Wedding Night;
More than Soldiers do a Fight;
More than Lawyers do the Bar;
More than Prentice Boys a Fair;
More than Topers t'other Bottle;
More than Women Tittle-tattle;
More than Rakes a willing Lady;
More than *Nancy* does her Baby;
More than Jaylors do a Fee;
More than all Things I love thee.

The NUMSCUL.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come,
Knock as you pleaſe, there's Nobody at Home.

CHLOE'S *Continence. By Mr.* WALSH.

Chloe now marry'd, looks on Man no more,
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

Faſt and Looſe.

Collin was marry'd in all Haſte,
And now to rack doth run;
By knitting of himſelf too faſt,
He hath himſelf undone.

The PIOUS NUN.

Jane a young Bantling having had,
Led Life auſtere, ſeem'd very ſad;
Whilſt her gay Siſter Nuns and Mates
Were ever peeping at the Grates.
The Abbeſs to her Daughters ſaid,
In a grave Speech, which ſhe had made;
Lead, Daughters, lead the Life of *Jane*;
Fly, fly the World, and all Things vain:
To which they anſwer'd in this Strain:
Pious as *Jane* we all will be,
When we have done as much as ſhe.

Found among Mr. POPE's *Papers in his own Hand writing.*

Argyll, his Praiſe when *Southerne* wrote,
Firſt ſtruck out this, and then that Thought;
Said this was Flatt'ry, that a Fau't;
How ſhall your Bard contrive?
My Lord, conſider what you do,
He'll loſe his Pains and Verſes too;
For if their Praiſes fit not you,
They'll fit no Man alive.

The LOVER *cool'd.*

As *Cælia* by a River paſt,
Where Silver Streams did glide,
Her Shadow ſuch a Splendor caſt,
As taught her Scorn and Pride.
Damon at Diſtance views the Fair,
Kneels ſuppliant for a Kiſs,
While ſhe with ſcornful haughty Air,
Denies the little Bliſs.

Damon would not Denial take,
His love-ſick Fever ſtung him;
Begone, ſaid ſhe,——and in her Rage,
She in the River Flung him,

She arm'd with Pride, he weak with Love,
By *Cælia* was fool'd;
How he got out I never heard,
But all his Love was cool'd.

A WELCHMAN'S PEDIGREE.

Q. Tell me, Sir *Taff*, pray tell me if you can,
How high your noble Pedigree began?
A. My Blood from Earls, and Dukes, and Kings deſcends,
An antient Line, that but with *Noah* ends.
Q. Suppoſe I aſk'd your bearded Goat the ſame,
And he could give each Anceſtor his Name;
Say, where would he his firſt Great Grandſire mark,
A. I muſt confeſs 'twould be in *Noah*'s Ark.

The WIFE *for me.*

If Marriage gives a Happineſs to Life,
Such muſt the Woman be, who'll be my Wife.
Beauteous as Height of Fancy can expreſs,
Meek in her Nature, cleanly in her Dreſs;
Wiſe without Pride, and pleaſing without Art,
With chearful Aſpect and with honeſt Heart;
To ſooth my Cares, moſt high, moſt ſweet her Song,
To blame my Faults, moſt low, moſt kind her Tongue.
In looſer Hours, in Hours more dull ſtill dear,
A gay Companion, and a Friend ſincere;

Fond

Fond without Folly; ſprightly, yet be ſage,
And as in Youth, may ſeem the ſame in Age.
Ye Pow'rs above, if ſuch a Woman be,
Such could ye make, that Woman give to me;
She as a Wife muſt pleaſe, and ſhe alone;
O give me ſuch a Wife——or give me none.

An EPITAPH *on* FANNY.

Here *Fanny* lies interr'd: ah! why,
Ye Gods was *Fanny* born to die?
A Female *Fanny* was, 'tis true,
But yet no female Arts ſhe knew;
No Viſits ſhe receiv'd, or paid,
Nor ever ſtroll'd to Maſquerade;
Court, Opera, Park, and Play, and Ball—
The Prudent *Fanny* ſcorn'd them all.
All thoſe who knew her, muſt confeſs,
She never took a Pride in Dreſs;
For one brown Garment, coarſe and plain,
(A Fence againſt the Cold and Rain)
Was all the Cloaths poor *Fanny* wore,
Who never waſh'd, or thought of more.
Void of all anxious Care and Strife,
She paſt at Eaſe a Country Life:
A Virgin to her dying Day;
Was ever chearful, ever gay;
And ſuch an even Temper kept,
She never laugh'd, nor ever wept;
So little giv'n to offend,
She got no Foe, nor loſt no Friend;
Nay, tho' a Female (matter rare!)
Was prais'd and honour'd by the Fair.
Then, Reader, if thou haſt a Tear,
I pr'ythee ſtay, and dropt it here:

But leſt thy Eyes too faſt ſhould flow,
Methinks 'tis fair to let thee know,
Tho' *Fanny* true, is dead and gone,
Poor *Fanny* was a harmleſs Fawn.

ODES, SONGS, &c.

RETIREMENT, *an* ODE. *By a young Lady.*

I envy not the Proud, their Wealth,
Their Equipage and State:
Give me but Innocence and Health,
I aſk not to be great.

I, in this ſweet Retirement, feel
A Joy unknown to Kings;
For Scepters, to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.

Great *Cincinnatus*, at his Plow,
With brighter Luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er cou'd do,
Tho' ſeated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
Ambition ever knows;
A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repoſe.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
Permit me, heav'nly Powers,
To paſs a pure unblemiſh'd Life,
And crown with Peace my Hours.

VERSES *to a young Lady, occaſion'd by her Name's being wrote with a Diamond on a Glaſs full of Wine.*

Unblemiſh'd as the Diamond may'ſt thou ſhine,
Smooth as the Glaſs, and ſparkling as the Wine:
Thy Honour free, avoiding ſtill Offence,
May *Art* thy *Wit*, and *Age* improve thy *Senſe*:
Yet ſhould the Graces o'er thy Perſon reign,
More ſoft than Painters touch, or Poets feign:
Should all the Powers of Love thy Motions wait,
Paint ev'ry Grace, and finiſh ev'ry Trait;
Let Judgment weigh, not Fancy rate thy Charms,
And Virtue cool the Youth thy Beauty warms:
The Paſſion's loſt, where Fancy guides the Choice,
Midſt ſtormy Raptures, and tumultuous Joys,
Wrecks in a fatal Whirl of looſe Deſires,
And all the *Lover* in the *Spouſe* expires.
Thou, to a juſt Eſteem thy Beauties owe,
To *Merit* grateful, but deſpiſing *Show:*
Gay without Lightneſs, grave without Diſtaſte:
Fair without Pride, and without Coldneſs chaſte.
Thus when the Bloom that teints each Feature, pines,
And all that Harmony of Shape declines,
More Charms than Time reſumes thine Age ſhall boaſt,
And the *wiſe Friend*, ſucceed the *youthful Toaſt*.

A Dog of a LOVER.

Sure ne'er was a Dog ſo wretched as I,
Whoſe Reſt is for ever prevented,
I'm neither at Peace when *Aurelia* looks *coy*,
Nor when ſhe looks *kind* am contented.

Her

Her *Frowns* give a *Pain* I'm unable to bear,
The Thoughts of them ſet me a trembling;
Her *Smiles* give no Joy, ſince I plaguily fear,
They can be no more but diſſembl ng.

Then pr'ythee, my Deareſt, conſent and be kind,
Put an End to this troubleſome Wooing;
For I ſee I ſhall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,
Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your *poor Dog* no longer with Juſtice complain,
Of Uſage that's hard above Meaſure;
But ſince he has taſted ſo much of Love's *Pain*,
Pr'ythee fling him a *Bit* of his *Pleaſure*.

The CONTRASTE.

We doat on *Sylvia*'s roſy Cheek,
Her Lilly Hand, and ſnowy Neck:
These Epithets are true;
With Roſes may the Nymph compare
As ſweet, as lovely, and as fair,
But O! as fleeting too.

She ſtudies nothing but her Charms,
Vers'd in the Pow rs of Beauty's Arms,
Alone depends on theſe:
When theſe, as ſoon they will, ſhall fade,
To all that's lovely *Sylvia*'s dead;
And Love of Courſe muſt ceaſe.

But ſee the ſprighly *Mira* riſe:
Good Nature ſparkling in her Eyes;
How eaſy is her Mien!
Still from her Tongue ſound Reaſon flows,
And not inelegantly ſhews,
The Treaſure lodg'd within.

Tho' Time may whet his iron Teeth,
And Sickneſs ſhed his baneful Breath,
Theſe cannot *Mira* harm:
Her's are the Beauties of the Mind,
Beauties that no Decay can find,
But ſpite of Fate muſt charm.

A Scotch Song.

Sweet Annie, fra the Sea-beach came,
Where Jockey ſpeel'd the Veſſel Side,
Ah, wha can keep her Heart at hame,
When Jockey's toſs'd aboon the Tide?
Far aff till diſtant Realms he gangs,
But I'ſe be true, as he has bin;
And when ilk Laſs around him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie's faithful teen.

Our weelthy Laird I met yeſtreen,
With Gowd in Hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my Brow, my rowan Een,
And make a Brag of what he'd gie.
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Blaw'd up and down the aweſome Main,
I'ſe keep my Heart anither Day,
Syne Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, fauſe Jamy, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your Pipe away,
Thy Jockey wud be troubled ſair
To ſee his Freen his Loo betray.
Yer Sangs and a yer Verſe be vain,
While Jockey's Notes doth faithful flow;
To him my Heart ſal tru remain,
Iſe keep it for my conſtant Jo.

Blaw faſt, ye Gales, round Jockey's Head,
And yar the Waves be cawm and ſtill:

His

His hameward Sails with Breezes ſpeede,
And dinna a' my Pleaſures ſpill;
Tho' full o'er lang will be his Stay,
Yet then he'll braw in Siller ſhine,
I'ſe keep my Heart anither Day,
Syne Jockey will again be mine.

Love and Friendſhip. A SONG.

As pleaſing as Shades to the wayfaring Swain,
When the Ardor of *Phœbus* has clear'd the ſcorch'd Plain;
As Groves to the Linnet, and Thyme to the Bee;
So welcome, my fair one, ſo welcome to me.

Whom Love has united, not Tyrants can part;
Nor can Time e'er efface what's engrav'd on the Heart:
Remembrance ſurvives, when all Rapture is paſt,
For Friendſhip's a Flame that burns bright at the laſt.

It chears our ſad Hours, and it heightens our Joy,
This no Whims can abate, nor can Faſhion deſtroy;
While Beauty alone on too fickle a Wing,
Like the faireſt of Bloſſoms, oft dies in the Spring.

A PARODY *on the Speech of* to be, or not to be, *in* Hamlet.

To write, or not to write? that is the Queſtion.
Whether 'tis better with a Pen to ſcribble
The Flights and Fancies of outragious Nonſenſe,
Or to lay down the Quill, and ceaſe to trouble
The Patience of the World? To write, to ſcrawl,
And by that Scrawl to ſay we utter all,

The

The horrid Stuff! The thouſand fooliſh Whimſies
Lab'ring in th' Brain, 'tis a Deliverance
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To write to ſcrawl,—
To ſcrawl? Perchance to blot; ay, there's the Rub—
For, on a ſtrict Review, what Blots may come
When we have ſcribbled all the Paper o'er,
Muſt give us Pauſe; there's the Reſpect
That ſtops the weak preſumptuous Hand of Fools.
For who would bear the Sneers and Scorns of Wit,
The Critic's Laugh, the learned Pedant's Railing,
The Spurns and Inſolence of Common Senſe,
The Jokes of Humour, and the Repartee,
When he himſelf might his Quietus make
With mere blank Paper? Who would Hiſſes hear?
Or groan and ſweat at Sound of Catcalls Squeak?
But that the Itch of Writing for the Stage
(Where *Garrick*, with inimitable Charm
Of graceful Action moves) puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather riſque all Ridicule,
Than ſhun the Muſes, and forbear to rhime.
Ambition thus makes Aſſes of us all;
And thus each empty Fellow, void of Genius,
Is tempted to imagine he's a Poet;
And *Petit Maitres*, of great Skill in dreſſing,
Ev'n from the fav'rite Mirror turn away,
To gain the Name of Author.

A Song.

When I was a Maiden of Twenty,
And my Charms and my Lovers were Plenty,
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?
Now the Swains, tho' I court 'em, all fly me,
I ſigh, but no Lover comes nigh me,
Ye Virgins be warn'd by my Woe,
Ah why did I ever ſay no?

PEGGY *outdone. A* SONG.

Tho' *Peggy*'s Charms ſo bright appear,
And tho' ſhe's form'd divinely fair,
She cannot with thoſe Charms compare,
That ſhine in lovely *Chloe*.
Bards who the tuneful Lyre could hit.
To ſound the fair One's ſparkling Wit,
All other Themes muſt ſoon forget,
When once they ſee my *Chloe*.

The Radiance of the riſing Sun,
When he his gayeſt Robes puts on,
Is not ſo charming all muſt own,
As is the lovely *Chloe*.
And *Peggy* in her beſt array'd,
With Art and Nature's kindeſt Aid,
Wou'd find her brighteſt Beauties fade,
At Sight of lovely *Chloe*.

No fragrant Roſe in all its Bloom,
Or Vi'lets with their rich Perfume,
Or Lilies ever did preſume,
To vie with lovely *Chloe*;
And all the Sweets that Nature ſent,
(Believe me 'tis no Compliment)
Muſt now reſign and be content
To be outdone by *Chloe*.

Should ſhe ſeek out the lonely Grot,
Or wander to the Woods remote,
There would I leave no Place unſought,
To find my lovely *Chloe*;
And then for ever I ſecure,
Could ſpend with her my lateſt Hour,
Nor would I wiſh or aſk for more,
Than to be bleſs'd with *Chloe*.

The Sun ſhall ceaſe to beam his Light,
The Moon forget to ſhine by Night,
And Envy ſhall forget her Spite,
E'er I'll forget my *Chloe*;
And when old hoary Time ſhall ſpread
His Silver Trophies o'er my Head,
And ſend me to the ſilent Shade,
Dying I'll love my *Chloe*.

The LOVERS *Game at Cards.*

My Love and I for Kiſſes play'd;
She wou'd keep Stakes, I was content;
But when I won ſhe would be paid,
Which made me aſk her what ſhe meant.
Nay, ſince, ſaid ſhe, I ſee your wrangling Vein,
Take you your Kiſſes, and I'll take mine again.

The Progreſs of LOVE.

Nature when ſhe form'd a Man,
Gave a Soul for Love deſign'd;
Love with Life at firſt began,
And poſſeſs'd his infant Mind.

When upon the Breaſt he lay,
Love began to grow within;
With his Milk, he ev'ry Day,
Suck'd the ſoothing Paſſion in.

Firſt a feeble Spark, it glow'd,
Glow'd and brighter ſtill became;
Beauty Fuel ſoon beſtow'd,
Youth increas'd it to a Flame.—

Till by Age and Weakneſs worn,
Half extinguiſh'd it ſhall lie;
Thus was ev'ry Mortal born,
Once to love, and once to die.

LUCY *and* COLIN.

Of *Leinſter* fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the Grace,
Nor e'er did *Liffy*'s limpid Stream
Reflect ſo fair a Face;
Till luckleſs Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her roſy Hue,
Her coral Lips, and damaſk Cheeks,
And Eyes of gloſſy Hue.

O have you ſeen a Lily pale,
When beating Rains deſcend!
So droopt the ſlow conſuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.
By *Lucy* warn'd of flattering Swains,
Take heed ye eaſy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains beware.

Three Times all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flapp'd his Wing.
Too well the love-ſick Maiden knew,
The ſolemn boding Sound,
And thus, in dying Words, beſpoke
The Virgins weeping round.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a Hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe Heart, and broken Vows,
In early Youth I die:
Am I to blame, becauſe his Bride
Is thrice ſo rich as I?

Ah!

Ah! *Colin* give not her thy Vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the Church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know fond Maid, and know falſe Man,
That *Lucy* will be there.

There bear my Corſe, ye Comrades dear,
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding Trim ſo gay,
I in my Winding Sheet.
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her Corſe was borne
The Bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his Wedding Trim ſo gay,
She in her Winding Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin*'s Thoughts?
How were thoſe Nuptials kept?
The Bridemen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the Village wept.
Compaſſion, Shame, Remorſe, Deſpair,
At once his Boſom ſwell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow;
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride (a Bride no more!)
The varying Crimſon fled;
When ſtretch'd before her Rival's Corſe,
She ſaw her Huſband dead.
He to his *Lucy*'s new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains,
One Mould with her beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at his Grave the conſtant Hind,
And plighted Maid are ſeen,

With Garlands gay, and true-love Knots,
They deck the ſacred Green.
But Swain forſworn, who e'er thou art,
This hallowed Spot forbear;
Remember *Colin*'s dreadful Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

The Knighthood *of Sir* Loin.

As once, returning from the Chace,
The Second *Charles*, the merry King,
The Glories of whoſe ſacred Race
The Muſe ſhall ever love to ſing.

Now wearied with the Sport he lov'd,
And faint with Toil, and faint with Heat,
Dejected look'd, and ſlowly mov'd,
And long'd to reſt, and long'd to eat.

Sudden before his wondring Eyes
A Banquet unexpected ſtood;
The Monarch gaz'd with glad Surprize
And 'gan to taſte the welcome Food.

Proud of his lov'd, his Royal Gueſt,
The noble Hoſt a gallant Lord,
With various Dainties grac'd his Feaſt,
And gay Profuſion crown'd the Board.

But high above the reſt appear'd
The hungry *Briton*'s old Relief,
Its mighty Bult exalting rear'd
The yet unhonour'd Loin of Beef.

With raviſh'd Eye the King beheld,
Eat as he ne er had eat before;
Too ſoon the Rage of Hunger quell'd,
And griev'd that he could eat no more.

But ſoon, with mighty Spirits gay,
Such as alone from Beef could ſpring,
The mighty Pleaſure to repay,
Aloud proclaim'd th' enraptur'd King;

Be thou for ever lov'd; and great,
As my Delight, be thy juſt Fame;
Thy Praiſes ev'ry Tongue repeat,
And *Sir* eternal grace thy Name.

He ſaid, and drew the Royal Sword.
Th' applauding Croud uproſe around,
Sir LOIN, with Acclamation roar'd,
And diſtant Echoes catch the Sound.

RHEINGLISH's Complaint, *for the Loſs of his ſweetly beloved* LYSHWYN. *To Miſs ----on her Marriage.*

A Welch BALLAD.

Mine *Lyſhwin*, no longer mine!
Sighs on her Wedding Billow,
Makes red with Tears, her once bright Eyne,
And crowns her Head with Willow;
The looby Lout her lawful Mon,
O why wou'd Parents force her!
A' the long Day, ſhe glouts upon,
And a' the Nights moroſer.
And yet hur Vows ye Powr's above!
And ſwears hur cannot bear it;
For, O alack! ſo great's hur Love,
Hur Heart the Thought doth tear it;
Wou'd to Saint *David* a' the Land,
A' *Britons* hold in common,
Were hurs, hur giv't in *Saunter*'s Hand,
To buy this once dear Woman.

Mine own dear Woman once ſhe was,
And yet ſhe vows ſhe loves me;
She hugs and kiſſes me no leſs,
To Tears hur Kindneſs moves me;
For, O ſince all hur Hopes are gone,
Such Kindneſs but torments hur;
For hur would die, or grieve alone,
And both hur Love prevents hur.
Thus when mine *ympkin*'s loving Whelp,
Hur own dear faithful Shocky,
Hur Lord had took; for, who cou'd help?
Juſt like her Love unlucky.
So pin'd her Pup, ſo hates hur all,
So lov'd her *Simpkin* ſtronger;
But what, alas! cou'd Love avail,
'Twas *Simpkin*'s *Dog no longer.*

The BATCHELOR'S WIFE.

Fair I'd have her as the Morning.
Woo'd by Thouſands, Thouſands ſcorning:
Free from Pride, from Paſſion free,
Humours, Cenſure, Jealouſy;
Of a Temper entertaining;
Nor too ſanguine, nor complaining;
With a Breaſt, like mine, all burning,
Love accepting, and returning;
Faithful, gen'rous of Degree,
Always loving none—but me!
If the Gods ſhould thus careſs me,
And with ſuch a Lady bleſs me,
O! the ſweet compleat Fruition!
Grant me, Love, but this Petition;
I implore no other Grace,
Let her be of ——'s Race.

The LOVER *to the* WIND.

Go, thou gentle whiſp'ring Wind,
Bear this Sigh, and if thou find
Where my cruel Fair doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowy Breaſt:
So inflam'd by my Deſire,
It may ſet her Heart on Fire.
Thoſe ſweet Kiſſes thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy Pain;
Boldly light upon her Lip,
Thence ſnatch Odours and thence ſkip
To her Boſom: Laſtly fall
Down, and wander over all:
Range about thoſe iv'ry Hills,
Whence from ev'ry Part diſtils
On her Dew, there Spices grow,
There pure Streams of Nectar flow;
There perfume thyſelf, and bring
All thoſe Sweets upon thy Wing.
As thou return'ſt, change by thy Pow'r
Every Weed into a Flow'r;
Turn each Thiſtle to a Vine,
Make each Bramble Eglantine;
For ſo rich a Booty made,
Do but this and I am paid.
Thou can'ſt with thy powerful Blaſt,
Heat apace, and cool as faſt.
Thou can'ſt kindle hidden Flame,
And again deſtroy the ſame.
Then for Pity, either ſtir
Up the Fire of Love in her,
That alike both Flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

An EPITHALAMIUM. *To a young Lady lately wed.*

Go, Muſe, and bid Good-morrow to the Bride,
Too long ſhe does her ſpotleſs Bluſhes hide;
Invite her down to her domeſtic Charge,
A Province like her Virtue fair and large;
Tell her, that to a Manſion ſhe is come,
More truely her's than is her native Home;
How but a Subject there ſhe did appear,
A Regent now, and in a Palace here.
From tender Parents Arms to *Hymen* ſent,
O! may ſhe never the Exchange repent!
While Nuptials her from their Embraces call,
The beſt of Huſbands makes Amends for all.
See how her chaſte, and exemplary Life
Adorns betimes the ſacred Name of Wife;
As Saint-like Minds, deſign'd for Joys above,
On Earth prepare themſelves for their Remove;
Practice ſo well celeſtial Manners here,
That proper Gueſts they come, not Strangers there:
So did ſhe in her Virgin Days prepare,
Each Virtue's Practice made ſo much her Care,
That ſhe from firſt adorns the wedded Life,
No ſooner Bride, but an accompliſh'd Wife:
Let Young and Fair to grace the Nuptials meet,
And Joy to *Strephon* and his Bride repeat.

LOVE *a* CHILD.

That Love is a Child by all is confeſs'd.
The Baby and Booby both ſquall for the Breaſt;
Both cry for a Play-thing, which when it is try'd,
Both ſoon become weary and throw it aſide.
Then wonder not Lovers ſo childiſh ſhould prove,
Since a Child's the Beginning and Ending of Love.

The

The Buss. *A* Song.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, *&c.*

How ſweet are thoſe Herrings! how rich is the Taſte!
The *Dutch* may well envy us ſuch a Repaſt:
Let them envy, and murmur, and make a great Fuſs,
As we now feel the Pleaſure,—we'll all have a Buſs.
Derry down, &c.

Having felt this ſweet Pleaſure, the Men of the Law,
No more for Chubs, Chevins, or Gudgeons will draw;
But for Herrings will uſe all their Wiles and their Arts,
And will plead for a Buſs—with their Tongues—and their Hearts.
Derry down, &c.

So wiſe is the Fiſher, ſo harmleſs his Trade,
That Prelates of Fiſhers were formerly made;
And ſtill they love *Herring*, they join with his Grace,
And encourage a Buſs—without Shame or Grimace.
Derry down, &c.

The Plain and the Pretty, the Prude and Coquet,
Are ſkilful in working and ſpreading the Net;
Then here all your Pow'r, ye Charmers, employ,
As you may a Buſs—without bluſhing enjoy.
Derry down, &c.

The Lord, and the Gameſter, the Buck and the Beau,
Muſt in this Employment their Gallantry ſhew;
For the Ladies will ſlight thoſe as Men of no Merit,
Who get not a Buſs—and a Buſs too with Spirit.
Derry down, &c.

Then

Then's here's to the Trader, let us all drink Succeſs,
For the Profit is great, and the Pleaſure no leſs;
Pickle Herrings will reliſh a Cup of brown Nappy,
O then for a Buſs—that will make us all Happy.
Derry down, &c.

A LOVE-LETTER, *long after Marriage.*

To thee my Dear! my Soul's far better part!
Theſe Lines I ſend, emerging from my Heart.
Wher'ere thy Lot is caſt, or Foot ſhall tread,
The Muſe will haunt thee, conſtant as thy Shade,
Sooner the Needle ſhall forſake the Pole,
Than thou be baniſh'd from my inmoſt Soul.
Abſent, thy Image does my Mind employ,
And when thou'rt preſent 'tis a Harveſt Joy.
A Bliſs unknown to guilty Love we taſte,
Reſerv'd by Heav'n for all the Pure and Chaſte.
Ah! what avails this Houſe, theſe Gardens here,
Thoſe purling Streams, my Heart's depreſs'd with Fear.
Leſt ſome fierce Fever revel in thy Veins,
Impair thy Health, and mock the Doctor's Pains;
Conſumptions ſap thee, by Gradations ſlow,
Or Apoplex ſhould kill thee at a Blow;
Leſt Highwaymen thy tim'rous Soul affright,
Or Pick-pockets exert on thee their Sleight;
A Fire by Night, or Accident by Day,
May ſnatch my Prize, my beauteous Prize away.
What don't I fear? Return, and all is well,
'Tis thou alone can'ſt this Combuſtion quell;
Thy Preſence only makes ſerene and gay,
Improves each Joy, and chaſes Care away.
With thee O let me live! And never part!
Thou fill'ſt up ev'ry Chaſm in my Heart;
No Room to wiſh, or wantonly to range,
A Love ſo founded, ne'er was known to change.

The

The DIMPLE.

Sylvia the young, the fair, the gay,
A verdant Bow'r enclos'd,
The little Wanton tir'd with Play,
In dewy Sleep repos'd.

A Bloom ſo like the Peach's Hue
Her glowing Cheeks expreſs'd,
A Bird deluded eager flew,
And ſeiz'd the luſcious Feaſt.

Ah! lucky Spoil, tho' rude th' Alarm,
And *Sylvia* weeping roſe,
Since to the World its ſmiling Form
That killing Dimple owes.

The Art of WOOING.

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his Miſtreſs to deny.
Does ſhe chide thee? 'tis to ſhew it,
That thy Coldneſs makes her do it.

Is ſhe ſilent? Is ſhe mute?
Silence ſurely gains thy Suit:
Does ſhe pout, and leave the Room?
She withdraws to bid thee come.

Is ſhe ſick? why then be ſure,
She invites thee to the Cure:
Does ſhe croſs thy Suit with No?
Tuſh! ſhe loves to hear thee woo.

Does ſhe call the Faith of Man
In Queſtion? Good! ſhe loves thee then;
And if e'er ſhe makes a Blot,
She's loſt if that thou hitt'ſt it not.

He that after ten Denials,
Dares attempt no farther Trials,
Hath no Warrant to acquire
The Dainties of his chaſte Deſire.

CHLOE'S GARTER.

Full five Times wrapp'd around her Knee
And tuck'd till it in Safety be;
If he outlives it, happy he
Who *Chloe*'s Garter lives to ſee
And lives to take it off beſide.
Full five Times wrapp'd around my Heart,
So ſafely it can never ſtart,
Is *Chloe*'s Form, nor Force nor Art
Can cauſe th' Idea to depart,
Or can the Gordian Knot divide,
Should *Cupid* ſhelter there from View,
Which *Cupid* would, but dares not do,
And ſhould unbind the Ribband too,
O! think what Numbers would purſue,
And think how great the Victor's Pride.

TALES, FABLES, &c.

The MONARCH HUSBAND, *dethroned. Or, the Coffee-houſe Wife.*

A TALE.

When People ride the vengeful *Skimmington*,
There is a general Trembling in the Town;
Not only he, for whom the Triumph rides,
Suffers, but they ſweep others Doors beſides;
And, by that Hieroglyphick, make't appear,
That the good Woman is the Maſter there.
At *Jemmy*'s Door the barb'rous Heathens ſwept,
And the poor Wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The Mob ſwept on, while ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal Thunder, and her briny Rain.
Some few Days after, two young Sparks came there,
And while ſhe does the Coffee freſh prepare,
One, for Diſcourſe of News, the Maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful Subject falls:
Pray Mr. *Jemmy*, whence came this Report;
For I believe there's no great Reaſon for't;
As if the People lately ſwept your Door;
And half a Dozen of your Neighbours more.
There's nothing in't, ſays *Jemmy*, that is done
Where the Wife rules, but here I rule alone;
And, Gentlemen, you much miſtaken be
If you imagine this relates to me.
Within theſe Walls my ſuppliant Vaſſals know
What due Obedience to their Prince they owe,
And kiſs the Shadow of my Papal Toe.

My Word's a Law, when I my Pow'r advance,
There's not a greater Monarch e'en in *France*;
Not the *Mogul*, or *Czar* of *Muſcovy*
Nor *Preſter John*, nor Cham of *Tartary*,
Are in their Palace, Monarch more than I.
My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I'm King;
I'm Pope, I'm Emperor, I'm every Thing,
What tho' my Wife be Partner of my Bed,
The Monarch's Crown ſits only on my Head.
His Wife had plaguy Ears, as well as Tongue,
And hearing all, thought his Diſcourſe too long;
Her Conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch Lies,
And to her Knowledge ſuch—She therefore cries,
D'ye hear, you Sirrah, Monarch there, come down,
And grind the Coffee, or I'll crack your Crown.

The THRUSH *and* LINNET. *A* FABLE.

Early one Summer's Morn a Thruſh,
Sat perching on a dewy Buſh,
Gay, lively, proud, and young,
And chear'd with Light's firſt bluſhing Ray,
To welcome in the riſing Day,
With Grace unequall'd ſung.

Soon Numbers of the feather'd Race,
Gather in Flocks about the Place,
Wak'd with the heav'nly Sound;
Admiring, view the Fair Unknown,
So young he ſcarce appear'd full grown;
And wond'ring flutter round.

All pleas'd his early Merit ſee,
And cry this young one ſoon will be
The Glory of our Grove:
The Females tune their warbling Throats,
Tranſported raiſe his ſprightly Notes,
And gayly court his Love.

But

But ſweetly managing her Voice,
A Linnet won the charming Prize,
Pleas'd to a high Degree:
Tho' ſhe ſcarce knew what loving meant,
Smart, pretty, little, innocent,
And young almoſt as he.

Happy, from Bough to Bough they rove,
With endleſs Vows of conſtant Love,
And all the idle Day,
Pleas'd with each other's Company,
Unknowing what could happier be,
They chat, they laugh, and play.

While thus the joyous Hours they paſt,
In Happineſs too great to laſt,
The fatal News was brought,
Of a far diſtant larger Grove,
The Seat of Pleaſure, Mirth, and Love,
And Joys ſurpaſſing Thought.

Pleas'd with this Tale, th' unconſtant he
Reſolves this brighter World to ſee;
In vain the Linnet ſighs:
In vain ſhe names a thouſand Fears,
Regardleſs of her Sighs and Tears,
Away the Wanton flies.

There lighting on the bloomy Boughs,
Too ſoon forgets his weeping Spouſe;
And in his daily Song
Curſes his native lonely Wood,
That bury'd him in Solitude,
From Life and Day ſo long.

In theſe new Regions at each Note,
He, lab'ring, ſwells his little Throat,
With Thirſt of Glory fir'd:

Tranſports in all his Looks appear,
He finds he's here, as much as there,
Applauded, lov'd, admir'd.

A Nightingale, whoſe high Diſdain
Had made the brighteſt ſigh in vain,
Accepts his offer'd Love:
Deſpiſes all; but by his Side,
For ever fond they ſtrut the Pride
And Envy of the Grove.

'Tis now that I begin to live;
Life, thou my Fair, can'ſt only give!
The Thruſh in Rapture cries:
Nor I e'er knew ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Till thou hadſt given it in a Kiſs,
The enamour'd Bird replies.

Can we then call the Thruſh ingrate,
Tho' the poor Linnet he forgat,
In ſuch bright Scenes as theſe?
When firſt he woo'd the feather'd Maid,
Alas! he knew not what he ſaid,
He knew not what Love was.

Thus fares the homebred Country Youth,
With Soul ſincere, and honeſt Truth,
He courts ſome ruddy Maid:
Awkwardly ſtrives her Heart to move
With ſomething they both take for Love,
But ſoon the Cheat's betray'd.

He comes to Town, likes the fine Place,
And ſoon forgets his Country Laſs;
Learns gallantly t'adore
Some ſhining Beauty of the Court;
Then finds the reſt was only Sport;
He never lov'd before.

The ATTORNEY'S CLERK. *An* ECLOGUE.

DASH.

SAM BRIEF, my Friend, ſay, why that diſmal Face,
That downcaſt Look, and melancholy Pace:
Say, has thy Ready ta'en a rapid Flight,
And left the flound'ring in Deſpair and Night;
Whilſt thy Sire obſtinate and ſtern denies,
For future Pleaſure, requiſite Supplies;
Or rages fatal Fire within thy Reins,
Plaguing with Pills thy Days, thy Nights with Pains?
Now rotted be the Punk for ſuch a Caſt
May ſhe live kick'd and ſtarv'd, die p——t at laſt!

BRIEF.

Thou art my Friend, WILL DASH, and I'll declare
My inmoſt Secret, and my greateſt Care.
Fatal the Day, when on the Bank of *Thame*,
In Kerſey clad, from *Yorkſhire* Worlds I came;
More fatal to my Heart the luckleſs Day,
When firſt through *Lombard-ſtreet*, I bent my Way:
Fam'd *Lombard-ſtreet*, where heapy Treaſure lies,
Chinks to the Ear, and glitters in the Eyes;
Bane of the Miſer's Peace by Day, by Night!
For thee, too oft in vain, ſtarv'd Poets write;
Lawyers, for thee, contract or ſtretch the Laws,
And Prieſts thinks Oaths mere Proverbs and old Saws;
For thee the ſhining Courtier condeſcends
To ſmile, and call a ſturdy Beggar Friend.
But from thy Pow'r inſenſible I'm torn,
With other Joys, with other Flames I burn.
Amidſt the Bankers, many a Saſh bedight
With Linen, Lace, and Ribbands catch the Sight.
There as ſecure and heedleſs thus I ſtray'd,
I ſaw a lovely Girl, I think a Maid.

Brown was her Hair, her Fore-head round and high,
Well arch'd her Brow, and blue her humid Eye;
The crimſon Bluſh ſat wholeſome in her Cheek;
Her Skin as Cambrick fair, as Iv'ry ſleek;
Her Cherry Lip the Cherry Knot excell'd;
Each Breaſt a Charm the Heart inflaming ſwell'd.
Eager I gaz'd, as ſhe purſu'd her Art;
Swift as her Needle paſs'd the Lawn, a Dart,
Shot from her Beauty, pierc'd my panting Heart;
Deep ſunk her blooming Image in my Breaſt,
My penſive Walk, Looks, Sighs, my Love confeſt.
No pliant Damſel can my Flames aſſwage,
Ev'n SALLY fails to mitigate their Rage.
Not meagre Clients of eternal Strife,
Half ſtripp'd, half ſtarv'd, involv'd in Suit for Life,
More conſtant ling'ring in the Courts appear,
Than I before the Window of my Dear.
But there I ſaw, with Anguiſh ſaw, pert Beaus,
By Nonſenſe privileg'd, and gaudy Cloaths,
Now o'er the Counter lean, now ogling ſtand,
And now—with ſaucy Freedom ſeize her Hand:
Whilſt I, with riſing Choler, ſilent paſs,
Curſe my hard Fate, and hardly view the Glaſs.
Juſt ſo a Country Cur I've often ſeen
Slink his long Tail his famiſh'd Legs between,
And, pin'd with Hunger, ſneaking view a Bone,
Which ſome more happy Dog had made his own.
What ſhould I do? In ſofteſt Terms I write,
And open Scenes of amourous Delight;
All her dear Charms in ſoft Confuſion own,
And worthy all thoſe Charms my Love is ſhewn:
But, Torture of my Heart! this Way I fail,
Back ſhe returns the Lines, untouch'd the Seal:
Why thus her Vanity can Woman feed,
And Pride her ſtrong Curioſity exceed!
Too cruel Fair! my Thoughts the live-long Day
To my fond aching Heart thy Form convey;

For

For thee, when ſtretch'd a bed three Stories high,
To ſleep a Stranger grown, I wiſh and ſigh;
With the returning Light thy Charms return,
Add Fuel to my Flames, and make 'em doubly burn.
Have I for thee th' *Attorney*'s *Guide* forſook;
And conn'd the *Gamut* o'er inſtead of *Cook*;
Thrown careleſs all my Precedents aſide,
And to my *Fiddle* with ſuch Warmth apply'd!
Not ſoft *Corelli*'s Air, nor *Handel*'s Strain,
Can move her Heart, or mitigate my Pain.
O DASH! my nobler Spirits fade away,
I make no Party now to damn a Play;
The Poet and the Player now ſink ſupine,
Nor dread, as heretofore, a Hiſs of mine;
Ev'n *Cibber*'s Mutilations might appear,
King *John* has nothing left in me too fear.
For *Molly* now I ſcrawl the Windows round,
Molly on ev'ry drinking Glaſs is found;
Poetic grown, for her I ſtrive to rhime,
On her enchanting Name Acroſticks chime;
In Deeds, Writs, Briefs, the Spell ſpontaneous flows,
And plain the am'rous Writer's Weakneſs ſhews.

DASH.

Weakneſs indeed? I'm ſtruck, deaf, dumb and blind;
And can a Milliner enſlave thy Mind?
A mere Utenſil of all lively Sparks?
Periſh thy Flame! Diſgrace of brighter Clerks.

BRIEF.

Alas! my Friend, Love's Reign is abſolute:
Can Birth or Fortune with his Darts diſpute?
No, they have Power the Boſom to inflame,
However mean, deform'd, or poor the Dame.
How many Lords for Actreſſes have bled,
Or took, with Joy, an Oyſter-wench to Bed?
How many Templers are of Heav'n poſſeſs'd,
When looſly ſinking on a Laundreſs Breaſt?

Judges

Judges have had Amours, and Wits allay'd
Their Paſſions with a Cook, or Chambermaid;
This Sage his Houſekeeper, that Rake his Whore,
In Matrimony joins for evermore.
In Freaks like theſe Love often takes Delight,
And pairs unequal Minds, ſometimes for Spite.
Here then! on Conqueſt reſolutely bent,
Love gave the Hint, what will not Love invent?
Soon in my Dreſs a ſtrange Defect I trace,
My Hand, as yet, no flutt'ring Ruffles grace.
Bleſs'd be the Youth, the happy Smart! I cry'd,
Who firſt eſſay'd this decent Piece of Pride;
This Want ſhall introduce me, this ſhall aid
And ſmooth my Paſſage to my Idol-Maid.
Then in my Mind a tender Tale I frame
Of pureſt Paſſion, endleſs Truth and Flame.
But O! no ſooner I approach the Fair,
Than all my golden Scheme is loſt in Air;
The tender Tale in fault'ring Accents dies;
But yet——ſhe might have read it in my Eyes.
Thoſe open'd all my Hope, my Fear, my Pain,
All, all my Soul, but open'd it in vain.
She talks of Depths, Hems, Faſhions——I reply
Juſt as you pleaſe, then gaze on her and ſigh:
She meaſures then my trembling Wriſt around,
Beneath her Fingers how my Pulſe rebound;
Bowing and ſtammering I take my Leave,
And now, too plainly, to my Loſs perceive,
That tim'rous Modeſty and ardent Love,
Foes to each other in one Boſom prove.
Sure 'tis a Judgment for a Promiſe broke.
Which once to *Kitty* made, I thought a Joke!
When underneath the Haycock's grateful Shade,
I woo'd, vow'd, ly'd, deflow'r'd the ſimple Maid;
Then left her to bewail herſelf undone.
Whilſt I perfidious up to *London* run.
Her Curſes ſtick, Love's Plagues my Heart inveſt,
And plant a thouſand Poiſons in my Breaſt.

DASH.

Ariſe my Friend, ſhake off thy boyiſh Care;
The Fair ſtill yields to him who greatly dares.
Would'ſt thou with-ill tim'd Modeſty aſſail,
Where Impudence alone muſt e'er prevail?
I know no Milliner of ſo much Pride,
Who a briſk Lover ever twice deny'd;
No! they have amorous and pliant Hearts,
But Woman ever muſt diſplay her Arts;
When moſt her Wiſhes preſs her to comply,
Put on fine Airs, and give her Soul the Lie.
Courage, my Friend, 'tis ten to one ſhe'll fall
By Flattery, a Fiddle, Treat, or Ball:
If againſt theſe obdurate ſhe can hold,
There's no Defence againſt a Show'r of Gold.
Come let's to *Ludgate-Hill*, the Baron's Wine
Will baniſh Sorrow, and thy Taſte refine;
Shoot thro' thy Veins new Life, revive thy Fire,
And Mirth and Love of Liberty inſpire.

TRUTH *and* FALSHOOD. *A* TALE.

Once on a Time, in Sun-ſhine Weather,
FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,
The neighb'ring Woods and Lawns to view,
As Oppoſites will ſometimes do.
Thro' many a blooming Mead They paſt,
And at a Brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling Stream, the Margin green,
With Flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal Scene,
Invited each itin'rant Maid
To reſt a while beneath the Shade;
Under a ſpreading Beach they ſat,
And paſs'd the Time with Female Chat;
Whilſt each her Character maintain'd;
One ſpoke her Thoughts, the Other feign'd.

At length quoth FALSHOOD, Siſter TRUTH,
For ſo She call'd her from her Youth,
What if, to ſhun yon ſultry Beam,
We bathe in this delightful Stream;
The Bottom ſmooth, the Water clear,
And there's no prying Shepherd near?——
With all my Heart, the Nymph reply'd,
And threw her ſnowy Robes aſide,
Stript herſelf n ked to the Skin,
And with a Spring leapt headlong in.
FALSHOOD more leiſurely undreſt,
And laying by her taudry Veſt.
Trick'd herſelf out in TRUTH's Array,
And croſs the Meadows tript away.
From this curſt Hour, the FRAUDFUL Dame
Of ſacred TRUTH uſurps the Name,
And with a vile, profidious Mind,
Roams far and near to cheat Mankind;
Falſe Sighs ſuborn, and artful Tears,
And ſtarts with vain, pretended Fears;
In Viſits, ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at Church her Saint-like Eyes;
Talks very much; plays idle Tricks,
While riſing Stock * her Conſcience pricks;
When being, poor Thing, extremely gravel'd.
She Secrets ope'd, and all unravel'd.
But on She will, and Secrets tell
Of *John* and *Joan*, and *Ned* and *Nell*,
Reviling ev'ry one She knows,
As Fancy leads, beneath the Roſe.
Her Tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before Her Mind;
As Times do ſerve She ſlily pleads,
And copious Tears ſtill ſhew her Needs,
With Promiſes as thick as Weeds.——— } Speaks

* *South-Sea*, 1720.

Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
To-day a *Saint*, to-morrow *Devil*.
Poor TRUTH ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely *Maid*,
Who ſcorning from her Cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever *Naked* will appear,
Belov'd by *All* who *Truth* revere.

A SUBURBIAN ECLOGUE.

Not ev'ry Temper rural Scenes delight:
Begin, my Muſe, a low Suburbian Flight.
Love, who invades the rural Nymphs and Swains,
No leſs a Tyrant in the Suburbs reigns;
All, more or leſs, his Pains or Pleaſures know,
For what's too high for Love? or what's too low?
Begin, my Muſe, WARBIETTA's Woe rehearſe,
Who oft in Cadence clear has ſung thy Verſe
WARBLETTA——ſweeteſt of the Throng that ſqualls
Melodious Ballads——at the End of *Paul*'s;
She, whoſe Love-Sonnets with perſuaſive Strain,
Could Maids, it's ſaid, and Prentice-Boys detain;
Who on *Exciſe*, the ever famous Song,
Could ſing ſo loudly, and yet ſing ſo long;
Alluring a wide-gaping motley Band,
Whilſt in their Pockets div'd ſome nimble Hand:
No more her vocal Pow'r in Public tries,
But weeping to a neighb'ring Ginſhop hies;
There penſive on a Runlet ſits alone,
And, blending Gin with Tears, thus makes her Moan.
Galloway Tom, inveigling Renegade,
The Bane of every fond believing Maid!
Curs'd be the Day, when firſt I heard his Fame,
And kindred Warblers chaunt aloud his Name.
Curs'd be the Hour when firſt I ſaw his Face,
So ſweetly impudent and void of Grace.

Well

Well I remember it amidſt the Throng,
How, at firſt Sight, I falter'd in my Song,
Gaz'd,—ſigh'd, and gaz'd, and every ſweeter Tone
Practis'd, and levell'd, at his Heart alone.
Quick he perceiv'd, and gain'd my blinder Side,
Kiſs'd me, ſwore roundly, and as roundly ly'd.
How my Heart leap'd his flatt'ring Words to meet,
When the Knave vow'd he'd wed me at the *Fleet*.
Perſuaded——and I bought a Copper Ring,
When he, falſe Wretch, intended no ſuch Thing.
Like a braſs Shilling neatly ſilver'd o'er,
His Vows have paſs'd——but they ſhall paſs no more;
The Silver's worn away, and now, alas!
His Perfidy appears more plain than Braſs.
Wicked Overſeers defraud the wretched Poor,
The Juſtice ſqueezes the ſtarv'd padding Whore;
Yet Overſeers and Juſtices I ſee,
O Tom! are much——much honeſter than thee.
Think, Varlet, think, to raiſe thee Half a Crown,
How readily I pawn'd my *Sunday* Gown,
For thee in *Bridewel*, for no Goodneſs pent,
What Victuals brought I! and what Money ſpent?
Yet all that Money——which I earn'd ſo hard,
I've known thee loſe upon a ſingle Card.
Releas'd I ſaw thee fly to *Brickduſt-Moll*;
Yet now return——and I'll forgive thee all:
I could, I fear, be once again deceiv'd;
Again believe thee——as I once believ'd.
O Tom! return, forget to throw a Main,
And burn thy Cards, which a Lord's Purſe might drain.
Lords may be wicked at their Virtue's loſt,
Since Titles guard 'em when their Virtues Coſt,
Great Rogues might plunder a whole Common-Weal;
But thou'dſt be hang'd in Hemp if thou ſhould'ſt ſteal.

To Great Ones then thy Lewdneſs quite reſign,
And be thou honeſt, Tom, and only mine.
Come, quickly come, upon my once lov'd Breaſt
Repoſe thee —— ſink within my Arms to Reſt.
If Cares oppreſs thee, I'll divert my Love,
With *Patient* Grizle —— and a Grizle prove.
For thee all Day with open Throat I'll toil;
With thee at Night, well pleas'd, divide the Spoil;
For thee a Spicy Hot-pot I'll prepare;
For thee a nice Sheep's-Head I'll dreſs with Care.
Will not theſe win thee? —— Add to theſe the Joy,
Which nightly ſhall our waking Hours employ.
Hard hearted Wretch! in vain, in vain, I ſue,
Rougher than Winds to a well powder'd *Cue*.
The Habit of thy Temper now appears,
Oh! — thou waſt nouriſh'd ſure by *Hockley* Bears.
Like burning Brandy my warm Boſom glows,
Whilſt thine is like a Winter's Puddle froze.
What, tho' in Ballad ſo much Skill I boaſt!
So long have reign'd St. *Gyles*'s fav'rite Toaſt!
By purblind Fidlers have been often ply'd,
As often all their hated Suits deny'd!
Nor Voice, nor Perſon, for my Tom has Charms;
And whilſt ungrateful he thus ſhuns my Arms,
Frantic I make ſome airy Bulk my Bed,
Where chilling Winds fly whiſtling round my Head;
Whilſt lazy muddy Channels bubling creep,
Inviting, tho' in vain, my Eyes to ſleep.
My chearleſs Eyes are ever waking found,
When diſmal Watchmen walk their Midnight round,
Or at their peaceful ſtands ſecurely ſnore,
While Robbers at their Elbow, force a Door.
Yet Tom, return; or quickly tell me where
I may, with open Arms, approach my Dear;
Tell me, ye brighter Nymphs of *Drury* —— ſay:
Saw you my perjur'd Varlet go this Way?

Imbrowned Bunters of fam'd *Wapping* —— tell,
Does he amidſt your winding Alleys dwell?
Ye Maids, where'ere he ſtrays, his Courtſhip ſhun:
Hear——you'll believe——believing——be undone.
Thus cruelly of ev'ry Joy bereft,
Loſt is my Quiet, and my Boſom cleft;
Such are the lingring Sorrows of my Mind,
Ev'n in *Geneva* no Repoſe I find;
No more ſhall Love-ſick Ditties ſwell my Throat,
Smut ſhall no more obtain a warbling Note;
Againſt *Exciſe* I'll raiſe my Voice no more,
She ſaid —— and dozing ſunk upon the Floor.
The maudlin Matrons cry'd——Pray mark her Fall—
The Pow'r of Gin from Love defend us all.

The WHIMSICAL LEGACY. *A* TALE.

In Imitation of the Summer's Tale in CHAUCER.

Where *Humber*'s Streams divides the fruitful Plain,
There liv'd a Friar of the *begging Train*;
Who, as *Dan Chaucer*'s merry Tales have told,
Would give his Pray'rs, his Maſs, or Heav'n for Gold:
As once his Gown high tuck'd, his Scrip new hung,
Pois'd on his Staff, he penſive trudg'd along,
A Door ſtood ope, where oft the Beachen Bowl,
Smiling with Nut-brown Ale, had cheer'd his Soul.
Gently he tapt, then cry'd, 'May here Content
'With Peace for ever dwell'—— and in he went.
Sick lay the *Hoſt*, the *Friar* growl'd a Pray'r,
And with an *Ave Mary* told his Care.
Here down he laid his *Staff*, there hung his *Hat*.
Bruſh'd from the Wicker-Chair the *Tabby-Cat*,
And with a ſolemn Leiſure down he ſat:
Then thus begun: 'To-day I preach'd in Town;
'But kept not ſervile to the *Text* alone;

Ah!

'Ah! *Thomas*, had you heard my ſubtle Wit,
'My *Gloſs*, my *Comments* on the holy Writ;
'Tho' well I know 'gainſt *Friars* you incline,
'You'd own that *Friars* are of *Right Divine*.'
The *Hoſt* reply'd, 'In Comments I've no Skill,
'By Comments *Prieſts* can prove juſt what they will.
'Of Reas'ning deep, ſome *Clerks* to ſhew the Force,
'From Head to Head drawl out the long Diſcourſe;
'On this Side now, and now on that diſpute,
'Are now confuted, and again confute;
'Make *Saint* with *Saint*, *Father* with *Father* vie,
'Till *Gloſſes* prove the *Scripture* all a Lie.'
'Ah Friend, the *Friar* cry'd, you'll nought believe,
'But what your *Simple Reaſon* can conceive:
'*Laymen* muſt *credit*, tho' the Doctrine's *new*,
'The *Text* may *vary*, but the *Comment*'s *true*.
The Wife tripp'd in, and ſtopp'd th' haranguing *Prieſt*
A Curtſy dropp'd, and welcom'd in her Gueſt;
Slow from the Chair the *ſmiling Friar* roſe,
And made with awkward Air his ſolemn Bows:
Nor there he ſtopp'd, but to enlarge his Bliſs,
Squeez'd her ſoft Hand, and ſmack'd a hearty Kiſs:
'Ah! Friend, quoth he, how happy is thy Life,
'Not the whole Town can boaſt ſo fair a Wife.
'At Church I view'd her, as High Maſs was ſaid,
'Soft roll'd her Eyes, and gently wav'd her Head:
'Each Dame was envying, ſighing was each Swain,
'While ſhe the faireſt ſhone, amidſt the faireſt Train.'
The ſweetly ſimp'ring Dame new Pleaſures found,
With greedy Ear imbib'd the flatt'ring Sound;
Princk'd up her *Tucker*, ev'ry Charm ſhe try'd,
And by her little Arts revealed her Pride;
Then thus addreſs'd him, —— 'Would you taſte our Cheer,
'The *Fare* is homely, but the *Heart* ſincere.
'What could you eat, Sir?—Nothing cry'd the Prieſt,
'But a *thin Slice* from off a Capon's Breaſt;

' A Brace of Woodcocks, and a fat Pig's Head,
' With a nice Pudding of the whiteſt Bread.
' My *ſqueamiſh Stomach* hates a *ſumptuous Feaſt*,
' Learn'd Clerks who *ſtudy much* but *little eat*.
Swift tripp'd the Dame away, and ſeem'd to fly,
Briſk as a Colt and jolly as a Pie.
As the *Friar*'s Mind on Int'reſt chiefly ran,
Abſent the Wife, he thus addreſs'd the Man:
' Is not our Order *pious*, ours, which ſhares
' The *Day* in *Faſting*, and the *Night* in *Pray'rs*?
' Than thoſe more pious whom baſe Trifles win,
' Who hold *Pluralities* to be no Sin?
' For why ſhould Country Pariſh claim their Care;
' Curates perform the Drudgery of Pray'r,
' Tho' their whole Study is t' increaſe their Store,
' Then talk fine Things in Praiſe of living Poor;
' With *mock Humility* of *Faſting* preach,
' Tho' their *fat Sides* deny they *practiſe* what they *teach*;
' *All Prieſthood ſhould be meek*: But when there's ſeen
' The roſy *Prebend*, and the pamper'd *Dean*,
' Stalk to th' *expected Choir* with Front elate,
' In all the Grandeur of *Cathedral State*;
' There doze in Stalls, or o'er a Sermon nod,
' Can we ſuppoſe them *meek*, or thoughtful on their *God*?
' Thus they: Ah! *Thomas*, *Thomas*, by St. *Ive*,
' 'Tis from the *Friar*'s Zeal the *Laymen* thrive:
' Hence by our Convent's Pray'r you're bleſs'd with
' Wealth,
' Hence by our Maſſes you'll regain your Health.'
The *Churl* in Bed reply'd, ' I have been told
' The whole Purſuit of *Prieſthood* is for *Gold*:
' Thus ſome have ſaid; this I myſelf aver,
' I'm not a Jot the better for their Pray'r;
' To *Monk*, to *Friar*, and to *Prieſt* I've giv'n,
' All were *divine Embaſſadors of Heav'n*:
' But late, alas! I found this Truth confeſs'd,
' They ſurely *beſt* ſucceed who give the *leaſt*.

' Well,

'Well, well, reply'd the *Prieſt*; appeaſe your Rage,
'War with my *Patrons* never will I wage:
'Some *Fools* indeed will even with Kings contend,
'To laſh their *Vices*, or their *Morals* mend:
'I to reform a *Prince* would never arm
'My Tongue with Thunder, or with Threats alarm;
'Harſh Precepts in a *Court* can never charm.
'There not one Vice I'd laſh, nor tedious dwell
'On *Stings of Conſcience*, or the *Pains of Hell*;
'But gentle Rules in gentle Words convey,
'Till every *Fear* in *Hope*'s diſſolv'd away.
'In ſhort, I ne'er with *Patrons* diſagree,
'If they're reſerv'd for *Hell*, what's that to me?
'But that *your* Soul to Heav'n may be conſign'd,
'Confeſs to me your Crimes, and calm your Mind.'
'Faith, ſaid the *churliſh Hoſt*, by good St. *John*,
'I've once before to-day been ſhriv'd by one;
'And once a Day's enough —— enough indeed:'
The ſneering Prieſt reply'd, more ſure to ſpeed;
'Yet to our *Convent* ſomething you may ſpare,
'And bounteouſly reward a *Friar*'s Pray'r;
'For ſhou'd you fail, ah! what I dread to tell,
'*Saints* we muſt *pawn*, and *Fathers* we muſt *ſell*.
'The *Layman*'s loſt, if loſt that learned ſtore,
'Then *Sermons*, *Comments*, *Lectures* are no more.
'In vain you'll wiſh you had a *Friar* to *preach*,
'For who, dear Sir, can like a *Friar* teach?
He ends, but, ah! th' Harangue no *Convert* gains,
Thomas the ſame *gruff churliſh Wight* remains;
So daring *impious*, that he thought the *Friar*
A canting *Hypocrite*, a fawning *Liar*;
Then thus: 'D'ye think, Sir, that I ſure ſhall ſpeed?'
'*Hoſt*, I as much believe it as my Creed;
'Nay I am *poſitive*, the *Friar* cry'd:'
'*Thomas* ſeem'd pleas'd, and with a Smile reply'd,

'Perſuaſive are thy Words; while yet I live,
'In thine own Hand, Sir *Friar*, a *Boon* I'll give,
'On this Condition, and on this alone,
'That the whole *Convent* equal ſhares the Boon,
'This thou ſhalt ſwear.'——Eager he plights his Troth,
His Maſs-Book kiſs'd more firm to bind the Oath:
Then *Thomas*——'Here thruſt down thy Hand behind,
'Worthy your *Convent* there a *Gift* you'll find.'
As down he thruſt his Hand into the Clift,
And gropes around to find the wiſh'd for Gift,
Deluſive Hope! Something too cloſely pent,
Hoarſe rumbling from within, demands a Vent;
It burſt; then diſſipated here and there,
And fill'd th' expecting Hand with *empty Air*;
Amaz'd the *Friar* ſtarted with Surprize,
Red glow'd his Cheeks, and ardent flaſh'd his Eyes.
'Is this, he cry'd, thy *Penitence* confeſs'd?
'Is this, falſe Churl, thy Duty to a *Prieſt?*'
Nor there he ended, but, to ſtop the Fray,
Men, *Maids*, and *Wife*, run in and chas'd the *Friar* away.
The Prieſt enrag'd, now meditating Ire,
With haſty Pace trudg'd, to the neighb'ring Squire.
A *Quorum* Juſtice of a ſober Life.
A Pariſh Umpire to compoſe their Strife:
Ah! *Benedicite*, the Juſtice cry'd,
What Evil could to *Friar John* betide?
John roaring ſtamp'd before he Silence broke,
At laſt with ſwelling Paſſion, thus he ſpoke:
'*Divines* agree, and *Sages* have confeſs'd,
'The *Church*, herſelf, is wounded in her Prieſt.
Again he roar'd—Pray, Sir, your Patience hold,
The Juſtice cry'd, 'till all your Tale is told.
The *Friar* the *Fact* relates, as told before;
But as the Story heighten'd, rag'd the more;

And

And ever and anon abruptly mix'd,
Revenge, *Pray'rs*, *Prieſt*, and *holy Church*, betwixt.
Sancta Maria! cry'd the Squire's fair Dame,
'Is this, Sir *Friar*, all the Crimes you blame?
'In my Opinion, as I hope to ſpeed,
'A *Churl* has only done a *churliſh Deed*.'
Not ſo, the Squire with ſager Wiſdom fraught,
But gravely paus'd, and ſeem'd quite loſt in Thought,
In Mind revolv'd the *Statutes* o'er and o'er,
If ever ſuch a Caſe occurr'd before:
Then thus reply'd, 'Good Friar, that *Sound* and
'*Air*,
'Should be divided in an *equal* Share
'Among *Thirteen*—No—not the utmoſt Skill
'In *Euclid*'s Problems cou'd perform this Will.
'The Fact, as to a *Prieſt*, I own uncivil,
'The Inſpiration of ſome *freakiſh D———l:*
'Ne'er let the madding *Churl* perplex thy Soul,
'Sit down and drown thy Sorrows in a Bowl.
Jenkin, the Clerk, who heard the whole Diſaſter,
And thought he had more Wiſdom than his Maſter,
Pertly addreſs'd the Squire——'Sir, I believe,
'Wou'd you and your *good Confeſſor* give Leave,
'I'd ſhew a Way by which the *pious Tribe*
'This *comic Gift* ſhall *equally* divide;
'And tho' I ne'er *Euclid*'s deep Problems knew,
'You'll all allow 'tis as an *Axiom* true.
'Here in the Parlour, from the Air cloſe pent,
'I'd have a Cart wheel with *twelve Spokes* be ſent,
'Which is, ſave one, the Number of the Tribe,
'Mongſt whom I equally this *Gift* divide;
'Then to each Spoke each lay his rev'rend Beard,
'Like ſome wiſe *Seers* of Yore of whom I've
'heard:
'Your *noble Confeſſor*, whom Heaven ſave,
'Should hold his Noſe upright into the Nave,

'The

'The Churl be brought, and could it hap'ly ſpeed,
'That he could there repeat his *churliſh Deed:*
'Tis *Demonſtration* that each Spoke around
'Wou'd *equally* convey the *Air* and *Sound:*
'Indeed the *Friar* here would firſt be ſerv'd,
'But ſure this *holy Man* has beſt deſerv'd.'
The *Friar*'s Frown betray'd his troubled Mind,
But *Squire* and *Lady* thus in Judgment join'd;
With a new Coat that *Jenkin* ſhou'd be clad,
And that the *Churl* was neither *Fool* nor *Mad.*

The CAT *in* DRINK. *A* FABLE.

A fav'rite Cat that long in Brewhouſe dwelt,
Whoſe Rage the midnight Race had often felt,
With Sov'reign Sway ſhe rul'd, deſtroying each,
That dar'd preſume to come within her Reach,
Oppreſſing thoſe that never did her Hurt,
She fell at laſt into a Tub of Wort;
The Cooler being deep ſhe ſtrove in vain,
Nor Art, nor Claws, cou'd help her out again.
A venerable Rat, with Age grown grey,
Whom Hunger then had driven out that Way,
With Joy eſpy'd his Enemy, the Cat,
Who juſt expiring, paddled round the Fat,
Cry'd out, aſſiſt me once in Time of Need,
And I'll no more offend you, nor your Breed;
You I'll protect, I make a ſolemn Vow,
If you'll but condeſcend to help me now.
The friendly Rat believing what ſhe ſaid,
Moſt willingly aſſiſted with her Aid,
And ſafely brought the dreary Traytor out,
But little dreaming what would come about;
The perjur'd Cat with Rage began to tear
The faithful Friend that had deliver'd her.
O! cry'd the Rat, how can you uſe me thus,
I that have ſav'd your Life! O barb'rous Puſs!

Remember

Remember how you made a ſolemn Vow,
Think but on that—in Pity ſpare me now.
Her Anſwer was; I have no Time to think;
If I ſaid ſo, 'twas when I was in Drink.

The FEMALE WRANGLER. *A* TALE.

One of the contradicting Sex,
Practis'd in every Art to vex,
Brimful of Spirit and Debate,
The conſtant Breather of her Mate,
Eager with Words to take the Field,
Firſt to attack, and laſt to yield;
Or wrong or right, with Friend or Foes,
(For the Delight was to oppoſe)
Diſputing near a River's Side,
Fell in and ſtruggled, ſquall'd, and dy'd.
The Huſband, bending o'er the Brink,
With great Compoſure ſaw her ſink;
He flung his Arms acroſs his Breaſt,
'Till he was ſure ſhe was at Reſt;
Then begg'd his Neighbours Skill and Pains,
With Hooks to ſearch her dear Remains.
The youngeſt of them ſtripp'd, and down
The Current pok'd to catch her Gown,
Suppoſing that Way ſhe was carry'd;
But they, alas! had ne'er been marry'd!
Her wiſer Spouſe, who penſive ſtood,
And ſaw their Labours in the Flood,
Give o'er purſuing that Way, he cry'd,
You'll never find her with the Tide;
For if you ſhou'd, my Friends, the Water,
I'm ſure muſt ſtrangely change her Nature.
Try upwards, if I right have gueſs'd,
Allow, I know the Woman beſt;
She never yielded while alive,
And to the laſt I think would ſtrive.

On MARRIAGE. *By Mr.* BUTLER.

By what Authority do Clergy
In ſolemn Riddle ſtrictly charge ye
Where-e'er you live, in *Pariſh*, or *Ward*,
To *Have* and *Hold* from this Day forward?
As if the *Parſon* were the *Sentry*
To *Watch* and *Ward* Love's *narrow Entry*,
Or *Turn-Key* of the *ſacred Padlock*,
That lets you into *lawful Wedlock*:
Who upon *Fits* ſtill of *Erection*,
Muſt to the *Doctor* for *Direction*:
Who always does the Patient Anſwer,
By *Licence* or by *Public-Ban*, Sir.
As if oblig'd to publiſh *Priapiſmus*,
At ev'ry *Eaſter*, *Whitſuntide* and *Chriſtmas*.
Or elſe, the pert *Religious Praters*
Will damn ye All for *Fornicators*.

Is not a juicy Girl more moving,
Who never knew *the Art of Loving*?
And where's the Harm of This, dear FANNY!
By Heav'n he lies, who ſays there's any.

A *Miſtreſs* is a *Wife* in *Common*,
Appropriated yet to no Man:
A *Wife* a *Miſs* inclos'd; for Wiving
'Sbut a Monopoly of S——ving.

A *Fox* had loſt his Tail, and for-all
You are no *Fox*, you know the Moral;
When *Men* engag'd *would once* inſlave *Us*,
We'll keep the Freedom *Nature* gave *Us*.

The ROBBER ROBB'D.

A certain Prieſt had hoarded up
A Maſs of ſecret Gold;
And where he might beſtow it ſafe,
He knew not to be bold.

At laſt it came into his Thought
To lock it in a Cheſt,
Within the Chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus eſt.*

A merry Grig, whoſe greedy Mind
Did long for ſuch a Prey,
Reſpecting not the ſacred Words
That on the Caſket lay;

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
The Prieſt's Inſcript thereon,
Wrote, *Reſurrexit, non eſt hic:*
Your God is roſe and gone.

The PIG. *A* TALE.

Some Huſband's on a Winter Day,
Were met to laugh their Spleen away;
As Wine flows in, and Spirits riſe,
They praiſe their Conſorts to the Skies.
Obedient Wives are ſeldom known,
Yet all could anſwer for their own,
Acknowledg'd each as ſovereign Lord,
Abroad, at Home, in Deed, and Word;
In ſhort as abſolute their Reign, as
Grand Seignor's over his Sultanas.
For Pride, or Shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the Diſcourſe, but one.

Who

Who vex'd ſo many Lies to hear,
Thus ſtops their arrogant Career.

'Tis mighty ſtrange, Sirs, what you ſay,
What! all ſo abſolutely ſway?
In *England!* where *Italians* wiſe
Have plac'd the Women's Paradiſe?
In *London!* where the Sex's Flower
Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower?
Fie! Men of Senſe to be ſo vain,
You're not in *Turkey* nor in *Spain*,
True *Britons* all; I'll lay my Life,
None here is Maſter of his Wife.

Theſe Words the general Fury rouſe,
And all the common Cauſe eſpouſe;
Till one with Voice ſuperior ſaid,
(Whoſe Lungs were ſounder than his Head)
I'll ſend my Footman inſtant Home,
To bid his Miſtreſs hither come;
And if ſhe flies not at my Call,
To own my Power before you all,
I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you pleaſe,
As *Sh——k*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there——replies th' Objector ſly,
Prove firſt that Women never lie;
Elſe Words are Wind—to tell you true
I credit neither them, nor you;
No, we'll be judg'd a ſurer Way,
By what they do, not what they ſay.
I'll hold you ſeverally that boaſt.
A Supper at the Loſer's Coſt,
That if you'll but vouchſafe to try
A Trick I'll tell you by and by;
Send ſtraight for every Wife quite round,
One Mother's Daughter is not found,

But

But what before her Huſband's Face
Point blank his Orders diſobeys.
To this they one and all conſent,
The Wager's laid, the Summons went.

Mean wh'le he this Inſtruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
Your Will and Pleaſure is to invite
Theſe Friends to a boil'd Pig to Night.
The commoner the Trick has been,
The greater Chance you have to win;
The Treat is mine if they refuſe,
But if they boil it then I loſe.

The firſt, to whom the Meſſage came,
Was a well born and haughty Dame;
A ſaucy independent She,
With Jointure, and with Pin-Money,
Secur'd by Marriage-Deeds from Wants,
Without a ſeparate Maintenance.
Her Loftineſs diſdain'd to hear,
Half thro' her Huſband's Meſſenger,
But cut him ſhort—with, How dare he,
'Mong Pot-Companions mention me?
He knows his Way (if ſober) Home,
And if he wants me, let him come.——

This Anſwer, haſtily return'd,
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd,
For each one thought his Wife, on Trial,
Would brighter ſhine by this Denial.

The ſecond, was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to viſit, dreſs, and play,
To ſpark it in the Box or Ring,
And dance on Birth-Nights for the King,

Whoſe Head was buſy wont to be
With ſomething elſe than Cookery.
She hearing of her Huſband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came;
When half inform'd of his Requeſt,
A Diſh, as he deſir'd it, dreſt,——
Quoth Madam, with a ſerious Face,
(Without enquiring what it was)
You can't ſure for an Anſwer look——
Sir, do you take me for your Cook?
But I muſt haſte a Friend to ſee,
Who ſtays my coming for her Tea.
So ſaid, that Minute out ſhe flew——
What could the ſlighted Huſband do?
His Wager loſt, muſt needs appear;
For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for Houſewifry renown'd,
A Woman notable was own'd,
Who hated Idleneſs and Airs,
And minded Family Affairs;
Expert in every Thing was ſhe,
At Needle-work, or Surgery:
Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,
From richeſt Cordials to ſmall Beer;
To ſerve a Feaſt ſhe underſtood,
In *Engliſh* or in Foreign Mode;
What e'er the wanton Taſte could chooſe,
In Kickſhaws, Sauces, or Ragoos;
She ſpar'd for neither Coſt nor Pain,
Her welcome Gueſt to entertain.
Her Huſband fair accoſts her thus:
To-night theſe Friends will ſup with us.
She anſwer'd with a Smile, my Dear,
Your Friends are always welcome here.
—But we deſire a Pig, and pray,
You'll boil it;—boil it! did you ſay?

I hope you'll give me Leave to know
My Buſineſs better, Sir, than ſo:
Why, ne'er in any Book was yet
Found ſuch a whimſical Receipt:
My Dreſſing none need be afraid of,
But ſuch a Diſh was never heard of.
I'll roaſt it nice, but ſhall not boil it,
Let thoſe who know no better, ſpoil it.
—Her Huſband cry'd, for all my Boaſt,
I own, the Wager's fairly loſt.
And other Wives, beſides my Love,
Or I'm miſtaken much, may prove
As chargeable as this to me,
To ſhow their Pride in Houſewifry.

Now the poor Wretch that next him ſat,
Felt his own Heart go pit-a-pat:
For well he knew his Spouſe's Way,
Her Spirit brook'd not to obey;
And never yet was in the Wrong——
He told her with a trembling Tongue,
Where, and on what, his Friends would feaſt,
And how the Dainty ſhou'd be dreſt.
—To-night, quoth (in a Paſſion) ſhe?
No, Sir, to-night it cannot be:
And was it a boil'd Pig you ſaid?
You and your Friends ſure are not mad.
The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
Where none but Females ſhould appear,
And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
Always from Miſtreſſes receive.
Boil it!—was ever ſuch an Aſs?
I pray, what wou'd you have for Sauce?
If any Servant in my Pay
Dare dreſs a Pig that ſilly Way,
In ſpite of any Whim of yours,
I'll turn her quickly out of Doors.

For no ſuch Thing, (nay never frown)
Where I am Miſtreſs, ſhall be done.
Each Woman wiſe her Huſband rules;
Paſſive Obedience is for Fools.

This Caſe was quickly judg'd; behold!
A fair one of a ſofter Mould;
Good Humour ſparkled in her Eye,
And unaffected Pleaſantry:
So mild and ſweet ſhe enter'd in,
Her Spouſe thought certainly to win:
(Pity ſuch golden Hopes ſhould fail,)
Soon as ſhe heard th' appointed Tale,
My Dear, I know not, I proteſt,
Whether in Earneſt or in Jeſt,
So ſtrange a Supper you demand,
Howe'er, I'll not diſputing ſtand,
But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever Woman did it.

—This Cauſe, by general Conſent,
Was loſt for want of Precedent.
Thus each deny'd a ſeveral Way;
But all agreed to diſobey.

One only Dame did yet remain,
Who downright honeſt was, and plain.
If now and then her Voice ſhe tries,
'Tis not for Rule, but Exerciſe.
Unus'd her Lord's Commands to ſlight,
Yet ſometimes pleading for her Right.
She made her little Wiſdom go,
Farther than wiſer Women do.
Her Huſband tells her, looking grave,
A roaſting Pig I boil'd would have;
And to prevent all pro and con,
I muſt inſiſt to have it done.

Says ſhe, my deareſt, ſhould your Wife,
Get a nick Name to laſt for Life?
If you reſolve to ſpoil it, do;
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder ſquabble,
I ſhall not, will not ſit at Table.
She ſpoke, and her good Man alone,
Found he had neither loſt nor won.
So fairly parted Stakes: The reſt
Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jeſt,
"Would your Wife boil it? let us ſee."
Hold there, you did not lay with me.
You'll find in ſpight of all you've boaſted,
Your Pigs are fatted to be roaſted.
The Wager's loſt, no more contend;
But take this Counſel from a Friend.
Boaſt not your Empire, if you prize it;
For happieſt he who never tries it.
Wives unprovoked beſt obey,
And that you'll find the ſafeſt Way.
But if your Dear once take the Field,
Reſolve at firſt to win or yield;
For Heaven no Medium ever gave,
Between a Sovereign and a Slave.

HODGE *and the* DEVIL. *A* TALE.

By Mr. J. NICKOLL.

Non omne quod micat
Aurum eſt.

Is there a Man, ſo rich an Heir
To Fortune's providential Care,
Whom Diſappointments ne'er perplex,
Nor anxious Viſitations vex?

In heavy Loads Mankind have had 'em,
Down from their ancient Daddy *Adam*.

All is not Gold, the Proverb ſays,
That glitters, with refulgent Rays;
And thoſe who court its bright Poſſeſſion,
Oft-times embrace in airy Viſion.

So when 't has been poor Poet's Fate
To 've vain Dependance on the Great;
Or Expectation of a Purſe
Of ſplendid Guineas for his Verſe.
And Promiſes are all his Gains
What golden Dreams perplex his Brains!
Roger, a Swain, knew either how
To drive a Cart, or milk a Cow:
And always had good Share of Plow,
When having ſpent in Toil the Day,
At Night he'd whiſtle home his Way.

It happen'd once upon a Time,
Poſſeſs'd with Learning moſt ſublime,
Hodge converſation'd with the Devil,
Who ſerv'd poor *Hodge* a Trick moſt uncivil:
Indeed!——the Devil, ſay you?——ay;
And you ſhall hear how by and by.

Roger coming Home one Night, Sir;
With a waundy Appetite, Sir;
Impatient Gut exciting, he
Breaks out in this Soliloquy:
'Of all the Dainties Eating's good in,
'There's none compar'd with Beef and Pudding;
'And now and then, brave hearty Cheer!
'A Jugg of Farmer *Barley*'s Beer,
'Than which there's nought can better pleaſe,
'Well bung'd with Lunch of Bread and Cheeſe.

'But

'But let me ſee——as I'm a Sinner,
'There's all the Beef left, boil'd for Dinner:
'Oh! Beef thou Source of all Delight,
'With thee I'll glut my Soul this Night!'

Hodge being arriv'd at Pantry-Door,
Where he had left boil'd Beef galore:
T' his great Surprize and ſmall Relief,
He found that ſome damn'd hungry Thief,
Had made away with all his Beef;
Oh! how he ſtorm'd and made a Rout,
Could he but find the Villain out——
Howe'er, he ſwore he'd have an Anſwer
The next Morn from cunning Man Sir:
But how he made it up with Belly,
I will as brief as may be tell ye;
And, without any more ado,
The Sequel of the Tale purſue.

At laſt, ſays *Hodge*, and ſcratch'd his Head,
'Muſt I go Supperleſs to bed?
'——No,—let me ſee——a Spark of Fire
'Now wou'd gratify my Deſire.'
'Tis found——and having ta'en a Skillet,
With Milk and Flour he haſtes to fill it;
Of which, a Meſs all of a ſudden
He made and call it haſty Pudding;
And of it having eat moſt manful-
Ly, about a three Quart Pan-full;
Roger began to be at reſt,
And ſo betook himſelf to Neſt.
How ſweet's the Life of rural Swains?
What Bliſs ſucceeds their daily Pains?
His homely Hut, twice fifty Suns,
Had ſtood unviſited by Duns;
And no Importancy of State-
Affairs perplex'd his peaceful Pate,

For let 'em go, Sir, as they will,
Roger is *ſemper idem* ſtill.

But lo! about the Dead of Night,
A hideous cloven-footed Sprite
Appear'd to *Hodge*, with ſtretch'd-out Claws,
And out o' Bed he ſtraightway draws
The poor and harmleſs trembling Swain,
Mumbling forth his Pray'rs amain:
'I'm *Pluto*, Swain, the Phantom ſaid;
'Come, follow me, be not diſmay'd.'
With cringing Bow and great Submiſſion,
He ſtrait obeys the dreadful Viſion.

Hodge was behind, the Devil before,
Making their Exit out at Door;
You wou'd ha' burſt your Sides with Laughter,
To've ſeen the Clown creep quiv'ring after.

Into the Orchard *Pluto* goes,
With his black A———tow'rds *Hodge*'s Noſe.
Where, pointing to an ancient Tree,
'*Roger*, hard by that Root, ſays he,
'There lies a Fund of Gold for thee.'
At that a Smile o'erſpread his Face,
And *Hodge* began to've Heart of Grace,
And thus accoſts the gen'rous Devil,
'Faith, Maſter *Pluto*, this is civil,
'And I ever ſhall endeavour
'To recompenſe this wond'rous Favour:——
'But, hold tho'——ſtay——how ſhall I find
'The Place again no Mark behind?
'Good Sir, if 'tis not too much Trouble,
'Will you tell me that, Sir?——Bubble.'
'Sh—te near the Place, and on my Word,
'Thou'lt know next Morning by the T——d.'

Hodge

Hodge made a Shift, I know not how,
To thank him with an awkard Bow;
Then ſtrain'd the Token there to lay,
And ſtrait the Devil fled away.

Roger in the Morning wak'd,
His golden Pudding being bak'd,
And rubb'd his Eyes, and rais'd his Head,
And found a ſwinging T——d in Bed.

EPIGRAM.

Mopſa whipping her Scarf on, ſcuds away to the Park,
And cries, for a *Venus* I'll paſs in the Dark.
With her Hoop ſpreading wide, and her ſoft-ſoothing Tale,
She knows her coarſe Features may ſometimes prevail.
Well, the Baggage plays arch, thus to wound in the Night,
Since her Face would ſtrike dread, if reveal'd in the Light.

A LA MODE.

My better ſelf, my Heav'n, my Joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lye,
Tranſported in thy circling Arms
With freſh Variety of Charms,
From Fate I ſcarce can think to crave
A Bliſs, for what in thee I have.
Twelve Months, my Dear, are paſt, ſince thou
Didſt plight to me thy Virgin Vow;
Twelve Months in Rapture ſpent! for they
Seem ſhorter than St. *Lucy*'s Day;
A bright Example we ſhall prove
Of laſting Matrimonial Love.

Mean

Mean while, I beg the Gods to grant
(The only Favour that I want)
That I may not ſurvive, to ſee
My Happineſs expire with thee.
O! ſhould I loſe my deareſt Dear,
By thee and all that's good I ſwear,
I'd give myſelf the fatal Blow,
And waft thee to the World below.

When *Wheedle* thus to Spouſe in Bed
Spoke the beſt Things he e'er had read,
Madam (ſurpriz'd, you moſt ſuppoſe it)
Had lock'd a *Templar* in the Cloſet;
A Youth of pregnant Parts and Worth,
To play at *Picquet*,—and—ſo forth—
This Wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the Curtains ſtole;
And peeping in, with ſolemn Tone
Cry'd out, *O Man! thy Days are done;*
The Gods are fearful of the worſt;
And ſend me, Death, *to fetch thee firſt:*
To ſave their Fav'rite from Self-Murder:
Lo! thus I execute their Order.
Hold, Sir, for ſecond Thoughts are beſt,
The Huſband cry'd; 'tis my Requeſt,
With Pleaſure to prolong my Life.——
Your Meaning?——pray, Sir, take my Wife.

WOMEN *the beſt Politician.*

A TALE.

One Night plump SUE and Coachman NED,
A Bargain ſtruck in haſte to wed;
A Crown was ſtak'd, the Pair conſented
To loſe their Pledge who firſt repented.

Time,

Time, for the Matrimonial Farce
To-morrow comes——————Ned hangs an A—ſe.
Of bad the beſt poor Suky makes,
And angry claims his forfeit Stakes.
Ned frankly paid it as agreed,
Of a worſe Bargain to be freed;
Quoth he—*thou'rt welcome on my Life,*
A cheap Divorcement from a Wife!
—The crafty Quean, who feign'd a-while,
Soon anſwer'd with a jeering Smile.
Ah Fool! 'tis well you firſt relented,
I'd loſt had you but ſeem'd contented;
Gladly your Freedom I'll reſtore,
One Shilling ſpend——and pocket Four.

Ladies lay Ovid's Rules apart,
In Love learn thrieftier Susan's Art.

EPIGRAM.

Giles Jolt as ſleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring Villains ſtole his Team away.
Giles wakes and cries—" what's here, a dikin; what!
" Why how now, am I Giles?—or am I not!
" *If he*—I've loſt ſix Geldings to my Smart;
" *If not*,—odds-buddikins, I've found a Cart.

Woman's *Reſolution.*

Oh, cried Arsenia, long in Wedlock bleſt,
Her Head reclining on her Huſband's Breaſt,
Shou'd Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
What Comfort could be found in widow'd Life?
How the Thought ſhakes me!——Heav'n my Strephon ſave!
Or give the loſt Arsenia half his Grave!

Jove

JOVE heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd,
And ſhould not Wives, ſaid he, like this, be lov'd?
Take the ſoft Sorrower at her Word and try
How firmly rooted Female Truth can lie.
'Twas ſaid and done!—the tender STREPHON dy'd,
ARSENIA two long Months t'outlive him *try'd!*
But in the *third*,—alaſs!——*became a Bride.*

From RABELAIS.

Fill, fill your Glaſs which empty ſtands:
Empty it, and let it paſs:
For I hate to ſee in People's Hands,
A full or empty Glaſs.

A Modern Paſtoral Courtſhip.

In vain ſhall Criticks, Wits, or Beaux,
Their Want of Senſe in Songs expoſe;
In vain ſhall ſpruce good-natur'd Cits,
In Wigs of Taſte, ſet up for Wits;
In ſenſeleſs Rhimes, and dying Strains,
To ſing of Loves, and Darts, and Pains,
Of cruel Nymphs, and bleeding Swains.
Dull Wretches! only taught to ſmatter,
And murder Copies drawn from Nature;
Tho' Love's a God, 'tis long ago
He us'd to ramble here below;
Since when, each Nymph's as great a Queen as
E'er was his jilting Mother VENUS;
Each Swain's a dull illiterate Plowman,
Nor kneels, nor dies for any Woman.
Tho' ancient Bards their Scenes did lay,
In Plains of fair *Arcadia*,

Muſt we take *Bedfordſhire* to be
A flow'ry Plain in *Italy?*
Or write *Clariſſa* or *Lucetta*,
For what in Fact is *Moll*, or *Betty*.
No,—if in theſe degenerate Days,
The World is ſunk to viler Ways;
Let's put no Face on a bad Matter,
To make our Circumſtances better,
But ſtill exactly follow Nature.
Yet ſhould (as *Truth* forbids) the Muſe
Begin as modern Songſters uſe,
In pompous Stile would run my Tale,
* *Faſt by a Willow in the Vale,*
Fair Phæbe *ſighing ſat alone,*
And by her Colin *made her Moan.*
But thus I am not pleas'd to make it,
Then as I write, or leave or take it.
In Country Vill of little Note,
From *London*'s noiſy Town remote,
Two Farmers liv'd both rich in Health,
And all the Village was their Wealth.
Their Houſes, Barns, and Acres join'd,
As mutual Intereſt inclin'd;
For both were happy in an equal Mind.
Each kept his Nag, and each his Team,
And weekly each to Market came,
To *Dunſtable* a Town of Fame.
The one a roſy Daughter had,
The other's Bleſſing was a Lad;
Well made he was of Stature thick,
His Age was twenty, and his Name was *Dick?*
He was a Loon, well ſkill'd and knowing
In th' Arts of reaping, and of mowing,

* Lines exactly taken from a Manuſcript Poem, highly approved by———*its Author*.

And none than him cou'd better know
To wield a Flail, or hold the Plough;
At Mart he'd haggle for a Farthing,
That none could beat him at a Bargain.
Beſide theſe Qualities a many
He had, to ſave his Father's Penny:
For having read, (as 'gainſt his Need
Dick, when a Boy, had learn to read)
One Doctor, what do ye call him's Treatiſe,
He knew the whole *Sow-gelder*'s Theſis;
Could bleed a Horſe, or ring a Sow,
Or cure the Sickneſs of a Cow,
And when th' Infection ſpread the Nation,
Sav'd all about from the Contagion;
Could e'en in rainy Seaſons keep,
The Murrain from among the Sheep;
Do all theſe Things, tho' *Richard* cou'd,
The Girl was in her Way as good;
A tight young Houſewife, neat and clean,
Her Name was *Moll*, her Age Fifteen,
She'd cook to Nicety a Diſh
Of roaſt, or boil'd, or Fowl or Fiſh;
Full well cou'd brew, as well cou'd bake,
Could Elder-Wine or Cyder make:
And ne'er a Laſs ſo good as *Mary*,
To make new Cheeſe, or keep a Dairy;
At Market too it is confeſt,
She ſold her Eggs and Butter beſt;
Cou'd too whene'er the Caſe was urgent,
Perform the Buſineſs of a Surgeon;
Could make a Julep for the Phthiſick,
Or boil a Purge by Way of Phyſick;
She had a Salve that e'er could cure
Kib'd Heels, or any kind of Sore;
She gave her Patients, Prunes or Sego;
And had a Secret for the Ague,

Which from her Great Great Grandmother,
Had now deſcended down to her;
Beſide, ſhe kept for every End,
All modern Empiricks can vend;
All box'd, or bottled up moſt ſafely,
Of *Greenough*, *Godfrey*, or of *Daffy*;
The black Sheeps Turds of *Anderſon*,
Or *Balſam* ſtale of *Turlington*:
All which ſhe gave moſt gen'rouſly,
To * Taſker's Wives, that could not buy.
The good old Folks had long agreed,
This Couple ſhould each other wed;
And thinking now their Age would do,
'Twas Time they had begun to woo;
And rightly both conceiv'd the Son,
Should to the Daughter be ſet on;
That firſt the Man ſhould win the Maid,
Tho' laſt he gains the bridal Bed.
Dick, quoth his Father, ods my Life!
My Boy, what ſay'ſt thou to a Wife?
Hold up your Head, as I'm alive,
You're like a Man of Twenty-Five.
Nay, Father do not count ſo faſt,
For my Share I'm in no ſuch Haſte,
Quoth *Dick*, but let us reckon fair;
Next Graſs our jolting crop'd ear'd Mare,
Is One and Twenty; now d'ye ſee,
That I am juſt as old as ſhe;
Tho' for a Wife, if you think well,
And I ſhould hap to like the Girl,
Egad, tho' I'm in no ſuch Hurry,
I don't care much if I ſhould marry.
How! like her Dick! *why, what doſt ſay?*
To black-ey'd Molly *o'er the Way?*

 Humph!

* Threſher Men.

Humph! She may do, but how doſt know,
Whether ſhe may like me or no?
Why, Dick, *it is in vain to gueſs*
At Women by Appearances;
So dreſs yourſelf up clean and tight,
And go and aſk her that to Night.
Nay, hold ye, hold ye, Patience, Father,
I'ſe not in ſo much Hurry neither;
We'll put it off another Day,
I'll call——I often go that Way.
Next Week as *Dick* from Market came,
Whiſtling along aſide his Team;
I'th'Yard young *Molly* milking ſat,
He ſtop'd, and leaning o'er the Gate,
Cries out aloud, Ho! *Mary!* pray,
Wouldſt have me for a Huſband? Hey?
The Maid ne'er courted in ſuch Guiſe,
As loud unto the Clown replies,
I have you, ſimple *Richard!* No———
Then *gee up Dobbin*, we muſt go,
Quoth *Dick*, then whips his Team along,
And recreates them with a Song.
Nor Love can give a Moment's Smart,
Nor Diſappointment break his Heart.

EPIGRAM *on* F---te *and* W---d.

That *F—te* and Aſs took off, the Story goes;
And *W—d* bray'd, but ſnuffled in the Noſe
To whom their Umpire cry'd—Peace, Peace, you Puppy,
F—te's the *true finiſh'd Aſs*—you but his Copy.

The Officious Meſſenger:

Or,

Squire Lob *and his* Dog.

A Tale.

Man of precarious Science vain,
Treats other Creatures with Diſdain:
Nor *Pug*, nor *Shock*, have common Senſe,
Nor even *Poll* the leaſt Pretence,
Tho' ſhe can chatter, prate and bawl,
To be accounted rational.
The brute Creation here below,
It ſeems is Nature's Puppet-ſhow:
But Clockwork all and meer Machine;
What can theſe idle Gimcracks mean?
Ye World-Makers of *Greſham-Hall*,
Dog *Rover* ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove, that ev'ry reas'ning Brute,
Like *Ben* * of *Bangor* can diſpute,
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize,
And like proud *Bentley* criticiſe:
At a moot Point, or odd Diſaſter,
Is often wiſer than his Maſter:
He may miſtake ſometimes, 'tis true,
None are infallible——but you.
The Dog whom nothing can miſlead,
Muſt be a Dog of Parts, indeed.
But to my Tale. Hear ye my Friend,
And with due Gravity attend.

* The Biſhop of *Bangor*, then a great Diſputant.

Rover, as Heralds are agreed,
Well born, and of the ſetting Breed;
Rang'd high, was ſtout, of Noſe acute,
A very learn'd and courteous Brute,
In parallel Lines the Ground he beat,
Not ſuch as in one Center meet,
In thoſe, let blundering * Doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted Gales the Game betray,
Down cloſe he drops, and eyes his Prey;
Tho' different Paſſions tempt the Soul,
True as the Needle to the Pole,
He keeps his Point, and panting lies
The floating Net above him flies,
Then dropping ſweeps the flutt'ring Prize.
Nor this his only Excellence,
When ſurly Farmers took Offence,
And the rank Corn the Sport deny'd,
Still faithful to his Maſter's Side,
A thouſand pretty Pranks he play'd,
And chearful each Command obey'd:
Humble his Mind, tho' great his Wit,
Would lug a Pig and turn the Spit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er Sticks,
And Fifty ſuch diverting Tricks.
Nor *Partridge* nor wiſe *Gadbury*,
Could find loſt Goods ſo well as he:
Bid him go back a Mile or more,
And ſeek the Glove you dropt before,
Still his unerring Noſe would wind it,
If above Ground, and ſure to find it,
Whimp'ring for Joy his Maſter meet,
And humbly lay it at his Feet.

But

* Dr. *Sacheverel*, about that Time, in a Sermon, aſſerted parellel Lines met in one Centre.

But hold; it cannot be deny'd,
But uſeful Talents miſapply'd,
May make ſad Work——it happ'ned one Day,
Squire *Lob* his Maſter took his Way,
New ſhav'd, and ſmug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring *Knight*:
With him, obſequious *Rover* trudg'd,
Nor from his Heels one Moment budg'd:
Half Way they travell'd fair and ſoft,
But Oh! lifting his Leg aloft
To climb a Stile; ſtrange Chance enſu'd,
He ſlip'd a Button, and *bedew'd*.
Oh ſad! his Draw'rs clean waſh'd and white,
(The Dev'l ſure ow'd poor *Lob* a Spite)
Moſt woefully bedaub'd, he moans
His piteous Caſe with Sighs and Groans;
To loſe his Dinner and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne
Hunger, they ſay, Parent of Arts,
Will make a *Fool* a Man of Parts;
The ſharp-ſet Squire reſolv'd at laſt,
Whate'er befel him, not to faſt.
He mus'd a-while, chaf'd, ſtrain'd his Wits,
At length on this Expedient hits.

To the next Brook with ſober Pace,
He tends, preparing to uncaſe:
Stradling and muttering all the Way,
Curſing t'himſelf the unlucky Day.
The Coaſt now clear, no Soul in View,
Off in a Trice his Breeches drew;
More leiſurely his Draw'rs for Care.
And Caution were convenient there.
At length, with Pain the Work atchiev'd,
He rubs and ſcrubs the Parts aggriev'd;
Then with nice Hand and Look ſedate,
Rowls up his Draw'rs with their rich Freight,

And

And hides them in a Buſh, at leiſure
Reſolv'd to fetch the hidden Treaſure;
While truſty *Rover* lay hard by,
Obſerving all with *curious* Eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a Beau,
And Matters fix'd in *Statu quo*;
Briſk as a Snake in merry *May*,
That juſt had caſt his Skin away;
Gladſome he caper'd o'er the Green,
Preſuming, he was ſweet and clean:
For Oh! among us mortal Elves,
How few there are ſmell out themſelves!
With a *Mole*'s Ear and *Eagle*'s Eye,
And with a *Blood Hound*'s Noſe we fly,
At others Faults implacably;
But where's that Ear, that Eye, that Noſe;
Againſt its Maſter will depoſe?
Ruddy Miſs *Prue*, with Golden Hair,
Stinks like a Pole-Cat, or a Bear;
Yet romps about me ev'ry Day,
Sweeter ſhe thinks than new-made Hay.
Lord *Plauſible*, at *Tom's* and *Will's*,
Whoſe pois'nous Breath, in Whiſpers kills
Still buzzes in my Ear, nor knows
What fatal Secrets he beſtows;
Let him deſtroy each Day a Score,
'Tis mere Chance-medly, and no more.
In ſhort, *Self-love* bribes every Senſe.
And all *at Home* is Excellence.

The *Squire* arriv'd, in decent Plight,
With Reverence due, ſalutes the Knight.
Compliments paſt, the Dinner Bell
Rung quick and loud; harmonious *Knell*

To

To greedy *Lob!* ev'n *Orpheus'* Lyre.
Did ne'er ſuch rapt'rous Joys inſpire;
Tho' this the Savage Herd obey;
That Hunger turns more fierce than they.
In comely Order now appear
The Footmen loaded with good Chear;
Her Ladyſhip brings up the Rear.
Simpering ſhe liſps, 'your Thervant Thir,
'The Ways are bad, one cannot ſtir
'Abroad, or 'twere indeed unkind,
'To leave good Miſtreſs *Lob* behind:
'She's well, I hope? Maſter they ſay,
'Comes on apace; howth's Miſs I pray?'
Lob bow'd, and cring'd, and muttering low,
Made to his Chair, would fain fall too.

Theſe weighty Points adjuſted ſoon,
My Lady brandiſhes her Spoon.
Unhappy *Lob* pleas'd with his Treat,
Too near the Fire had choſe his Seat,
And minded nothing but his Meat:
When oh! th' Effluvia of his Bum,
Began amain to ſcent the Room,
Ambroſial Sweets, and rich Perfume!
The tittering Footman ſtopp'd his Noſe,
The Chaplain too, *under the Roſe*,
Made awkward Mouths—the Knight took Snuff,
Her Ladyſhip began to huff;
'Indeed, *Sir John*, nay, good my Dear,
'Tis wrong to make your Kennel here;
'Dogs in their Place, are good I own;
'But in the Parlour, Foh! be gone.'
Now *Rockwood* leaves th' unfiniſh'd Bone,
Baniſh'd for Failings not his own!
No Grace ev'n *Fidler* could obtain,
And favourite *Virgin* fawns in vain.

The Servants to the Stranger kind,
Leave truſty *Rover* ſtill behind;
But *Lob*, who would not ſeem to be
Defective in Civility;
For the Removal of all Doubt,
Knitting his Brow, bids him get out;
By Signs expreſſes his Command,
And to the Door points with his Hand,
The *Dog*, or thro' Miſtakake, or Spite,
(Grave Authors have not ſet us right)
Fled back, the very Way he came,
And in the Buſh ſoon found the Game:
Brought in his Mouth the ſav'ry Load,
And at his Maſter's Elbow ſtood.
O *Lob!* what Idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange Confuſion and Diſtreſs?
When on the Floor the Draw'rs diſplay'd
The fulſom Secret had betray'd.
No Traytor, when his Hand and Seal
Produc'd, his dark Deſigns reveal,
E're look'd with ſuch a hanging Face,
As *Lob*, half-dead with this Diſgrace:
Wild ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While Peals of Laughter ſhook the Room.
Each Saſh thrown up to let in Air,
The Knight falls backward in his Chair;
Laughs till his Heartſtrings almoſt crack,
The Chaplain holds his Sides and Back;
Her *Ladyſhip* begins to call
For Hartſhorn, and for *Abigal:*
The Servants chuckle at the Door,
And all is Tumult and Uproar.

Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul Miſtake:
Truſts to his Heels, to ſave his Life,
The *Squire* ſneaks Home, and beats his *Wife*.

A Political CONVERSATION.

Wrote in the Time of the late Rebellion.

As *Tom* the Porter went up *Ludgate-Hill*,
A ſwinging Show'r oblig'd him to ſtand ſtill;
So, in the Right-Hand Paſſage thro' the Gate,
He pitch'd his Burden down juſt by the Grate,
From whence the doleful Accents ſounds away,
Pity the poor and hungry Debtors pray.

To the ſame Garriſon from *Paul's Church-Yard*,
An half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the Guard:
Now *Tom* (it ſeems) the *Ludgateer* and *he*,
Had all been old Acquaintance formerly,
And as the Coaſt was clear by cloudy Weather,
They quickly fell into Diſcourſe together.

'Twas in *December* when the *Highland Clans*,
Had got to *Derbyſhire* from *Preſton Pans*;
And ſtruck all *London* with a gen'ral Pannick,
But mark the Force of Principles *Britannic!*
The Soldier told 'em freſh the City News,
Juſt piping hot from *Stockjobbers* and *Jews*;
Of *French* Fleets landing, and of *Dutch* Neutrality,
Of Jealouſies at Court amongſt the Quality:
Of *Swarſton-Bridge*, that never was pull'd down,
Of all the Rebels in full march to Town;
And of an hundred Things beſide, that made
Lord Mayor himſelf, and *Aldermen* afraid:
Painting with many an Oath, the Caſe in View,
And aſk'd the Porter what he thought to do?

Do?

Do? ſays he, (gravely)——what I did before;
What I have done theſe Thirty Years and more,
Carry, (as I'm like to do) my Pack,
Glad to maintain my Belly by my Back;
If that but hold I care not; for my Part,
Come as come will, I ne'er ſhall break my Heart;
I don't ſee Folks that fight about their Thrones,
Mind either Soldiers Fleſh, or Porters Bones;
Whoe'er gets better when the Battle's fought,
Thy pay nor mine will be advanc'd a Groat:
But to the Purpoſe——now we are met here,
I'll be my Penny tow'rds a Pot of Beer.

The Soldier, touch'd a little with Surprize
To ſee his Friend's Indifference, replies,
What you ſay, Brother, to be ſure is good,
But, *our Religion, Tom,* (G--d d--n my Blood;)
What will become of our *Religion?*——True!
Says the *Jail-Bird*—and *our Freedom* too;
If the *Pretender* (rapt he out) comes on,
Our Liberties and Properties are gone!

And ſo the *Soldier* and the *Priſoner* join'd,
To work up *Tom* into a better Mind;
He ſtaring, dumb with Wonder ſtruck and Pity,
Took up his Load and march'd into the City.

The Country JUSTICE.

Sir *John*, a Country Magiſtrate,
Of good round Belly, hob'ling Gait,
Well known at ev'ry merry Meeting,
Fam'd both for Juſtice and for Eating;
Was moſt ſevere, as Stories tell us,
Againſt the younger, ſprightly Fellows:
When frolickſome (for Boys are wild)
They chanc'd to get the Maids with Child:
Would ſternly take the Cauſe in Hand,
And both the Parties reprimand,
With utmoſt Rigour would enforce
The rigid Laws that came in Courſe,
Nor ever in the leaſt excuſe
That ſlight *faux pas* ſo much in Uſe:
And yet by ſome 'twas ſhrewdly thought,
That he himſelf was ſometimes naught;
For by the neighbours was it ſaid,
He was familiar with his Maid;
But ſtrangely Time brings Things about,
As *Murder ſome odd Time will out:*
And ſo it hap'd, one luckleſs Night,
When Love unuſual fir'd the Knight;
His Poſt ſo boldly he maintain'd,
The fatal Proofs of it remain'd;
For ſcarce four Months were gone and paſt,
E'er *Betty* ſwell'd about the Waiſt:
But warn'd before of this Diſaſter,
The fearful Wench inform'd her Maſter;
Who (as it is the Sinner's Way
To put far off the Evil Day)
Neglects her till ſo large it made her,
That to the Neighbours it betray'd her.
Now good Sir *John* begins to ſtir,
And trembles for his Character;

Adviſes *Betty*, full of Care,
The Baſtard not on him to ſwear;
That if ſhe'll put Diſgrace aſide,
He'll for the Child and her provide.
Betty, whoſe Conſcience wond'rous nice is,
Was puzzled in this ſhameful Criſis:
But Truth beyond her Virtue prizes,
And th' Offer ſecretly deſpiſes;
Yet, as her Circumſtances lay,
Conjectur'd 'twas the wiſeſt Way,
Reſentment and her Thoughts to ſmother,
And ſay ſhe'll lay it on another.
The Knight thus eas'd, commits each Whore,
And ſcolds with Juſtice as before;
And tho' oft told of *Betty*'s Failing,
Pretends to diſbelieve their Railing,
'Till Time run on, and *Betty* grew,
So large to each impartial View,
That now the Danger was the ſame,
Againſt the cautious Knight's good Name;
When now, to keep his Fame, he thought,
And order'd *Betty* to be brought.
The Quorum ſat, the bluſhing Wench,
In Publick ſtood before the Bench.
Sir *John*, who thought himſelf ſecure,
Began to thunder out his Pow'r,
Demands aloud, who had beguil'd
Th' unhappy Maid, and got the Child:
The Book's held out, ſhe ſtoops to kiſs it,
And if I muſt diſcloſe whoſe is it.
She cry'd, that hath my Truth beguil'd,
Sir *John* is Father to the Child.
Now ſudden Grief, Surprize, and Shame.
O'erwhelm the Knight, and blaſt his Fame,
The Tale each ſland'rous Tongue reveals.
And ſwells the Story as it tells;

To Truth they add a thouſand Lies,
And Shame increaſes as it flies.
Girls now unpuniſh'd ſtain the Gown,
And Baſtards ſwarm throughout the Town.

The Cautious Maid.

E'er *Richard* long had *Nelly* woo'd,
And ſigh'd, and ſwore, and whin'd and ſu'd,
The buxom Wench began to feel
Thoſe Paſſions, *Dick* had feign'd ſo well:
Which now, he ſaw, with raviſh'd Eye,
And thought the happy Moment nigh;
In Fancy joy'd the future Bliſs,
And cloſer preſs'd the melting Kiſs.
At length, the warm, impatient Swain
No longer could his Flame reſtrain;
But urg'd, in plainer Terms, the Maid;
And ſtole at Midnight to her Bed.
Here down he kneel'd; and, all on Fire,
Awak'd the Virgin's fond Deſire:
And yet, *ah! do not*, now ſhe cries,
Ah! do not force me, Swain, *to riſe*.
Oh! no, the eager Youth reply'd,
I mean to grace my *Nelly*'s Side.
When now the trembling Virgin view'd
Her Lover reſolute and rude;
For fear of future Grief and Pain,
Made firſt this Bargain with the Swain,
Which, ſmiling, he engag'd to keep,
That ſhe ſhould undiſturbed ſleep.
Thus, cautious *Nell* th' Affair adjuſted,
(A Man's own Vows might ſure be truſted!
If then ſhould follow Grief or Shame;
Know hence, on whom ſhould fall the Blame:
If *Richard* but his Bargain kept,
I'll anſwer't *Nell* a Virgin ſlept.

The CHRISTMAS PIE.

A comic TALE.

Near *Bedford* Town, of antient Fame,
A red-hair'd Plowman, *Dick* by Name,
Long liv'd, and long had been in Love
With *Kate* the Cook-maid of the *Grove*.
At length impatient of Delay,
He bids her fix the nuptial Day;
The blushing Nymph o'erspread with Grease,
Cries e'en, dear *Richard*, when you please.
She said—— in Raptures, *Richard* flies
To kiss the Maid, and warmly cries,
Had you but said as much before——
When now *Kate*'s Master op'd the Door.
For Shame, quoth she, then rakes the Fire,
Richard keep off, d'ye see the Squire.
Dick turn'd, look'd silly, leer'd at *Kate*,
And crept up closer to the Grate.
The Squire facetious, young and gay,
Had *Richard* known before to Day,
And thus began, Why Man so sad?
What! does your *Christmas* prove so bad?
I don't know, Sir, quoth *Dick*, for that,
(Biting the Corners of his Hat)
Not quite so well one might desire.
That's bad indeed, replies the Squire.
Here, *Kitty*, quickly take the Key,
And fetch the large minc'd Pie to me.
Aye do so *Kate*, quoth *Dick*, behind,
And bring the largest you can find.
But, lo! the promis'd Blessing comes,
Well stor'd with Sweetmeats, Spices, Plumbs;

Alluring

Alluring Sight! when thus the Squire,
Come, *Dick*, here's ſomething I require,
To which if you will but comply,
Your's ſhall be all the *Chriſtmas* Pie.
What all? yes all, the Squire's Reply.
Know, *Richard*, then the Caſe is this,
You muſt forbear our *Kate* to kiſs;
Quite from her dripping Pan remove,
And never tell her more of Love.
Kate ſtar'd at this; *Dick* caſt an Eye
Firſt on the Wench, and then the Pie.
But Judgment not to form in Haſte,
Permiſſion begs that he might taſte.
Dick taſted, and the Taſte approv'd,
Then doubted which he better lov'd.
Women, 'tis ſaid, are good, he cries,
But are they half ſo good as Pies?
To fix Reſolve he ſtrove in vain,
So wiſely aſk'd to taſte again.
Again he taſtes, again approves,
Nor longer doubts which beſt he loves:
The Trial's paſt, the Conflict's o'er,
And *Kitty* triumphs now no more.
But fearing leſt the ſlighted Maid,
Might lay the Ladle o'er his Head,
He turns to th' Squire and makes reply,
Sir, if you pleaſe I'll take the *Pie*.
The Pie! the Squire repeats aloud,
Well choſen, *Dick*, the Pie was good.
At this enrag'd, the furious Cook
Faſt hold her pow'rful Rival took;
Dick knew her Strength, and bravely try'd
To hold as faſt the other Side:
Each pull'd, nor pull'd at laſt in vain,
For oh! the Platter ſplit in twain.
Dick mad at this ſo ſad Diſaſter,
Now d——d the Wench, and now her Maſter;

Stamp'd, ſwore aloud, and curſt his Fate,
Then view'd the Pie—and ſcratch'd his Pate.
But when he ſaw the luſcious Greaſe,
The Fat and Plumbs o'erſpread the Place;
To ſave it from the Jaws of *Tray*,
Whoſe liquoriſh Chops were faſt at Play;
In Haſte he kneels upon the Floor,
And murmuring calls his *Kitty* Whore.
The angry Nymph enrag'd anew,
With all her Force at *Richard* flew,
The Squire well pleas'd, ſtood laughing by,
And cried, O *Dick*, you've ſpoil'd the Pie.
He turn'd his Head, and 'gan to riſe,
When oh! too fatal to his Eyes,
Kate to compleat his dire Diſgrace,
With Pie all o'er beſmear'd his Face.
Tray, willing not a Bit to looſe,
Seizes faſt hold his plaiſter'd Noſe;
Dick now began aloud to roar,
And drives directly to the Door,
Nor ſees the ſpatter'd *Pie*, nor angry *Kitty* more.

The LYAR.

An HEROIC TALE.

Remote from Cities in a Country Town,
There liv'd an honeſt, but an hapleſs Clown,
Hapleſs indeed! for if Report is true,
Th' unhappy Man was wedded to a Shrew,
And what perplex'd th' ill-fated Spouſe the more
He fear'd from Reaſon, that ſhe was a Whore.
How hard his Lot! who thus a Wife doth wed,
At once to ſtun his Ears, and load his Head.

How

How many worthy *Heads* deſerve our Pity;
But Cuſtom ſmothers Evils in the City.

But to our Tale——The Muſe each Name contrives,
The Huſband's *Jaſper*, *Dorcas* was the Wife's.
Each Day Gallants came ſwarming to his Houſe;
Each Day ſhe riots her unanſw'ring Spouſe;
Who feels he ſuffers by th'unruly Dame,
At home in Subſtance, and abroad in Fame.
He ſtrives to guard his Honour, and his Coſt;
But gentle Admonition is but loſt;
Good Words he finds are thrown away in vain,
Then bad he uſes, then but bad again.
Now fully bent to ſtop this growing Evil,
He plots to undermine this wily Devil;
Each Lover at th'accuſtom'd Hour he watches,
Fix'd to diſmember ev'ry one he catches.
Fruitleſs Reſolve! his Bus'neſs he neglects,
And ſtrives in vain to track the wary Sex.
She ſends to each Gallant her private Reaſons,
Why Love muſt be deferr'd to proper Seaſons.
Thus all the Huſband's labour'd Shemes diſjointed;
And thus his cunning Aims are diſappointed.
Yet ſo it is, that Time or Chance, betrays
A hundred luckleſs Th ngs, a hundred Ways.
'Twas on a Day, when Bus'neſs call'd the Clown
Twenty long Miles to a diſtant Market Town,
Abroad he goes, at early Morning Light,
And bids her not expect him home at Night.
Dorcas could ne'er let ſlip ſuch fair Occaſion,
But ſends a kind Gallant an Invitation.
He comes, he treats, when ſhe for freſh Delight,
Diſmiſs'd one Lover, for a new at Night.

Mean

Mean time jogg'd *Jaſper*, on his hobbling Jade,
A ſecond *Roſinante*, a ſorry Steed!
Againſt whoſe Sides full oft the Spur was play'd,
And croſs his Buttocks Laſh repeated laid.
But e'er on's Journey he had rode half Way,
Tir'd on the Road the panting Courſer lay:
His eaſy Amble having quite forgot,
Nor Laſh cou'd make him reaſſume the Trot.
Here then he leaves him, not too good to loſe,
And then his Journey on his Feet purſues.
Now *Jaſper* was on Neighbour's Errand ſent,
To pay his Landlord certain Sums of Rent:
Full fifteen Pounds were in his Pocket told,
No Matter which, in Silver or in Gold.
True ſays the Proverb, as myſelf have known,
That one Misfortune ſeldom comes alone.
'Twas ſo with *Jaſper*, ſcarce his Horſe was ſpent,
But Robbers came and robb'd him of his Rent.
He would have fought, but thinking as I'm told,
His Bones were his, and that was not the Gold:
He gave it calmly up, nor further car'd;
But homeward ſomewhat penſive back repair'd.
Thus as he travell'd, duſky Night came on,
Or dark it was, or lighted by the Moon.
But to the Muſe indulgent Pardon ſhow,
She cannot tell you—what ſhe does not know.
But this we're told, that e'er he reach'd his home,
The doleful Midnight Hour of Twelve was come:
Much he's ſurpriz'd, at ſuch a Time to catch
The Door unbolted, ſhutting on the Latch.
Dorcas too buſy with her Lover's Charms,
Ne'er thought of Doors, but ſlept within his Arms:
Now fell Suſpicions dart in *Jaſper*'s Brain,
Tho' glad ſo opportune he's Home again.
He creeps, and liſtens at the Chamber Door,
And overhears two ſleeping Noſes ſnore:

Then

Then from his Pocket drew a ſwinging Knife,
Reſolv'd to ſtab the Lover, or the Wife.
But ſtopt to think before he ventur'd on,
If aught could better in the Caſe be done.
Now Fear uſurp'd a Place in *Jaſper*'s Breaſt,
And thus returning Reaſon doth ſuggeſt.
Suppoſe I wreck my Vengeance, then may I
Perhaps for Murder on the Gallows die;
Or on the Lover only, then my Wife
Would ſooner take away than ſpare my Life:
Or ſ on both, I know not how to doubt
That Proverb, *Murder ſome odd Time will out.*
Thus reas'ning, Vengeance he deferr'd till Morn,
Softly retir'd, and ſtroak'd each budding Horn.
At Neighbour's Houſe he ſpends the later Night,
Home to return before the Morning Light.
At early Day he thunders at his Door,
But the Gallant was ris'n, and gone before.
From her ſoft Sleep the treach'rous *Dorcas* wakes,
And thro' the broken Pane i'the Caſement ſpeaks;
As tho' ſo chaſte, in th' Abſence of her Spouſe
She could admit no Soul into the Houſe.
Who's at the Door! pray tell me who you are?
'Tis I, quoth *Jaſper*, I your Huſband dear.
Then up ſhe gets, ſeems glad that he is come,
And with a *Judas* Kiſs he s welcom'd home.
Jaſper moſt Men in Temper did excel,
But when provok'd, could wield a Cudgel well:
Enrag'd to ſee his Spouſe her Treachery,
Cries, *Dorcas*, who to Night did with you lie?
None, jealous Monſter, with a Toſs ſhe cries.
And all her Temper lightens in her Eyes.
Aha! cries *Jaſ.* (regardleſs of her Brow)
My loving, faithful Spouſe, I've caught you now.
Thus fully bent on taming of the Shrew,
His Words were ſcarce precedent to a Blow.

In's

In's Hand he held a knotted taper Crab,
With which he ſmartly lac'd the jilting Drab.
Aloud ſhe bawl'd, and begg'd him to refrain,
But ſtill he laſh'd, and ſtill ſhe begg'd in vain:
When as it hap'd, in middle of the Fray
A Brother Clown (that chanc'd to paſs that Way)
Ben was his Name, came in to part the Strife
And aſk'd why *Jaſper* thus abus'd his Wife.
Why! *Ben*, cries *Jaſper*, doſt thou aſk me why?
Then laſh'd again, I've caught her in a Lye.
Is *lying* then *alone?* quoth *Ben*, the Cauſe
Of all this Noiſe, and wondrous Waſte of Blows?
No—not *alone*, quoth *Jaſper*, honeſt *Ben*,
It is becauſe ſhe lies with—*other Men.*

The LOUSE.

Got in an Alley near *St. Bow*,
Born on a ſturdy Beggar's Smock,
My Mother tho' of humble Show,
Yet fed me beſt of all her Flock:

One Ev'ning as ſhe took her Stand
In Alley blind, in hopes of Prey;
A young Attorney ſqueez'd her Hand,
And ſtrait they went to am'rous Play.

From her to him I ſoon did haſte,
(Who felt me not when full of Sport)
By him convey'd I ſoon did taſte
The Pleaſures of an *Inn of Court.*

When he, dead drunk, in Sleep was bound,
I thought to ſup upon his Face;
But to my great Surprize I found,
'Twas all impenetrable Braſs!

From

From thence ſtrait to his Head I went,
Which made me ample Recompence:
Its Softneſs did my Heart content,
Nor had it e'er been hurt by Senſe.

Tho' I obſcure, liv'd out of Sight,
Great Actions in my Life you'll find;
For I with wond'rous Art did bite
The Man who cozen'd all Mankind.

To dine at Commons, Taverns ſup,
Still with my Maſter did I trudge,
I had my Share of ev'ry Cup,
And I have laugh'd before a Judge.

My Maſter having once a Cauſe.
Where many Counſel were to plead;
With roaring Skill t'evade the Laws,
And make the Villain's Ways ſucceed.

I heard the Cauſe, and ſaw the Crowd,
Sure Louſe was ne'er ſo toſs'd about,
But when the Counſel pleaded loud,
I loſt my Senſes in the Rout.

In vain into the Wig's Retreat,
To ſhield me from the Noiſe I fly,
When thoſe Law-Organs but retreat.
What Louſe but with the Fright muſt die?

A Shout, they ſay, clear'd once the Air,
And kill'd the feather'd People round;
So when loud Counſel roar and ſtare,
No Fly can in the Hall be found.

No Traps to catch the harmleſs Mouſe,
Or put the gnawing Rat to Death,
A Lawyer need not crack the Louſe,
Since they can murder with their Breath.

With much ado I left the Rout,
So tired that I ſcarce could ſtir,
Wanting a Place I look'd about,
And hid me in the Judge's Furr.

From him I to his Lady ſtole,
(I always lov'd the Fair Sex beſt)
There view'd each Part without Controul,
And revell'd in her Neck and Breaſt.

She, in her Huſband's Abſence frail,
Indulg'd herſelf in Actions dark;
And while Love's Pleaſures did prevail,
I left the Fair, and ſeiz'd her Spark.

By him convey'd, I reach'd the Court,
I never ſaw ſo fine a Show;
Stateſmen I found of no Import,
The *Manly Belle*, and *Female Beau*;

To Tea-Tables I daily want,
And heard the Tittle-tattle there;
Where all condemn'd with one Conſent,
The Wiſe, the Modeſt, Brave and Fair.

At dear Quadrille we often met,
The modiſh Ladies chief Delight,
Where Winners ſmile, and Loſers fret,
And peeviſh ſpend the tedious Night.

Here

Here Ladies loſe what Tradeſmen claim;
By Nightly Revels Beauty's marr'd,
The Huſband's Fortune, Joy and Fame,
And Peace are barter'd for a Card.

With me theſe Parties ne'er agreed,
Who ever liv'd a ſober Louſe,
So I reſolv'd with utmoſt Speed,
To change my Mannor and my Houſe.

Strait to a Gameſter's Wig I fled,
A Man of noted Wealth and Birth,
Who when he loſt, ſo ſcratch'd his Head,
That I was almoſt claw'd to Death.

A Coquette's Tow'r I then poſſeſt,
Whoſe Head a conſtant wagging kept,
At Ball nor Play I ne'er could reſt,
Nor ever once in Quiet ſlept.

Then crawl into a Beau's Toupee,
Who did his Manners ſo unfold,
His Hat was off continually,
That I was almoſt ſtarv'd with Cold.

Beneath a City Belle's lac'd Quoif
At Eaſe luxuriouſly I fed,
'Till cruel *B*—— cut me off,
To eaſe the charming Fair-One's Head.

The Lady bluſh'd to ſee me fall,
And angry *B*—— ſwore in *French*,
Then ſtrait ſhe did for *Betty* call,
And box'd, and thus abus'd the Wench.

You ſaucy Slut, whoſe only Care
Is dreſſing me, in all this Houſe,
Yet have I found, oh ſad Deſpair!
Upon my Head a monſtrous Louſe!

My hideous Form they cenſur'd much,
Not one to pity me was found,
Not one my Body dar'd to touch,
At ſight of me, they ſcratch'd all round.

Betty with utmoſt Haſte was ſent,
My Ruin thro'ly to compleat,
To execute the joint Conſent,
And throw me ſtrait into the Street.

There wrapt in Hair I ſadly lay,
My tortur'd Fancy full of Pain,
'Till *Molly Rag* paſs by that way,
And kindly pick'd me up again,

Carried by her, I now live here
Amidſt *St. Giles*'s Louſy Pack,
Exempt from ev'ry anxious Fear,
But the untimely, deadly Crack.

So after all my Care and Strife,
Pleas'd like Mankind, like him in Pain,
Both he and I muſt yield up Life,
And quiet, turn to Duſt again.

POOR DICK.

A TALE.

As *Richard* walk'd with *Peggy*, hand in hand,
Reaſon cou'd ſcarce their fierce Deſires command,

His

His wiſhing Eyes did his fond Longings tell,
Her Breaſts with equal Longings roſe and fell.
Peggy was baſhful, *Richard* was too ſlow,
Both long'd to tell their Wiſh, yet knew not how.
In trembling Accents *Richard* thus begun,
Peggy, your Beauty has my Peace undone;
Where'er I go, you ſtill are in my Mind,
No other Thought can there Admittance find;
Or thraſhing here, or praying in the Pew,
Your Image does my ſcatter'd Thoughts purſue.
He ſaid; and bluſhing turn'd his Face away
To hear what *Peggy* in return would ſay;
Who was overjoy'd to hear the Swain ſo kind,
And was reſolv'd ſhe would not lag behind.
Richard, ſaid ſhe,
I've often thought your Hands were ſofter much
Than any Swain's that I did ever touch:
Your pleaſant Eyes with greater Luſtre ſhine,
And Cherry Cheeks, and whiteſt Teeth are thine;
Your ſhining Hair, in gayer Ringlets flows,
And every Feature ſtill ſuperior ſhews.
O'erjoy'd, the Shepherd kiſs'd the lovely Maid.
Which ſhe with wanton Eagerneſs repaid.
A Kiſs, good Gods! which might the Coldeſt fire,
And raiſe in wintry Age a young Deſire,
But he, who never knew the like before,
Broke into a vile Abuſe, and call'd her Whore;
To hawking fell, and wiping of his Mouth,
And often ſwore, the Kiſs was quite uncouth.
Peggy, finding her Kindneſs thus abus'd,
Of weak Stupidity the Swain accus'd;
Shew'd him his Folly, and her kind Intent,
And bluſhing told him what that Softneſs meant;

Richard with Tears his Folly did repent,
And try'd each Art the Damſel to content,
But all in vain, *Peggy* wou'd ne'er relent;
Enrag'd, ſhe ſwore ſhe would revenge the Trick,
So ſent him packing with an——Ah *Poor Dick!*

A REAL CASE.

A Wit told *Celia*, that the Fair
In Fame reſembled *China* Ware.
Indeed! ſays ſhe,——well if we do
I've had this Diſh——Years——twenty two——
To prove its Strength ſhe took it up,
And whilſt ſhe prais'd it, crack'd the Cup.

On GILES *and* JOAN.

Who ſays that *Giles* and *Joan* at Diſcord be,
The obſerving Neighbours no ſuch Mood can ſee;
Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever,
But that his *Joan* doth too; and *Giles* would never,
By his free Will, be in *Joan*'s Company;
No more would *Joan* he ſhould: *Giles* riſeth early:
And having got him out of Doors is glad;
The like is *Joan:* But turning home is ſad;
And ſo is *Joan:* Oft-times when *Giles* doth find
Harſh Sights at Home, *Giles* wiſhes he were blind:
All this doth *Joan:* Or, that his long earn'd Life
Were quite out-ſpun: The like Wiſh hath his Wife.
The Children that he keeps *Giles* ſwears are none
Of his begetting; and ſo ſwears his *Joan.*
In all Affections ſhe concurreth ſtill;
If now with Man and Wife to will and nill,
The Self-ſame Things, a Note of Concord be,
I know no Couple better can agree.

LIARS *Compared.*

Such a Liar is *Tom*, there's none can *lie* faſter,
Excepting his Maid, and ſhe'll *lie* with her Maſter.

A Deſcription of the Morning in Town.

Now hardly here and there a Hackney Coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
Now *Betty* from her Maſter's Bed had ſcarcely flown,
And ſoftly ſtole, to diſcompoſe her own.
The ſlip-ſhod Prentice from his Maſter's Door,
Had par'd the Dirt, and ſprinkled round the Floor.
Now *Mol* had whirl'd the Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to waſh the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd with ſhriller Notes of Chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's Door began to meet;
And Brickduſt *Mol* had ſcream'd thro' half the Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning ſees,
Duly let out at Night to ſteal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands;
And Schoolboys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

The SHOE-BOY.

By Mr. GAY.

Like mortal Men, great *Jove* (grown fond of Change)
Of old was wont the nether World to range,

To ſeek Amours; the Vice the Monarch lov'd
Soon thro' the wide Ætherial Court improv'd;
And e'en the proudeſt Goddeſs now and then,
Would lodge a Night among the Sons of Men;
To Vulgar Deities deſcends the Faſhion,
Each, like her Betters, had her earthly Paſſion.
Then *Cloacina* (Goddeſs of the Tide
Whoſe *ſable Streams* beneath the City glide)
Indulg'd the modiſh Flame: The Town ſhe rov'd,
A mortal Scavenger ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
The muddy Spots that dry'd upon his Face,
Like Female Patches, heighten'd every Grace:
She gaz'd, ſhe ſigh'd; for Love can Beauties ſpy
In what ſeem Faults, to ev'ry common Eye.
Now had the Watchman walk'd his ſecond Round,
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling Sound
Of her brown Lover's Cart, for well ſhe knows
That pleaſing Thunder: Swift the Goddeſs roſe,
And thro' the Streets purſu'd the diſtant Noiſe,
Her Boſom panting with expected Joys.
With the Night-wandring Harlot's Airs ſhe paſt,
Bruſh'd near his Side, and wanton Glances caſt;
In the black Form of Cinder Wench ſhe came,
When Love, the Hour, the Place that baniſh'd Shame,
To the dark Alley Arm in Arm they move,
O may no Link-boy interrupt their Love!
When the pale Moon had nine Times fill'd her Space,
The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of Diſgrace)
Deſcends to Earth, but ſought no Midwife's Aid,
Nor midſt her Anguiſh to *Lucina* pray'd;
No chearful Goſſip wiſh'd the Mother Joy,
Alone, beneath a Bulk, ſhe dropt the Boy.

The Child thro' various Riſques, in Years improv'd,
At firſt a Beggar's Brat Compaſſion mov'd;
His Infant Tongue ſoon learnt the canting Art,
Knew all the Pray'rs and Whines to touch the Heart.
O happy, unown'd Youths, your Limbs can hear,
The ſcorching Dog-ſtar, and the Winter's Air;
While the rich Infant, nurs'd with Care and Pains,
Thirſts with each Heat, and coughs with every Rain!
The Goddeſs long had mark'd the Child's Diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his Sufferings to redreſs;
She prays the Gods to take the Foundling's Part,
To teach his Hands ſome beneficial Art,
Practis'd in Streets: The Gods her Suit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking Croud,
To cleanſe the miry Feet, and o'er the Shoe,
With nimble Skill the gloſſy Bla k renew.
Each Pow'r contributes to relieve the Poor;
With the ſtrong Briſtles of the mighty Boar,
Diana forms his Bruſh; the God of Day
A Tripod gives, amid the crouded Way,
To raiſe his dirty Foot, and eaſe his Toil;
Kind *Neptune* fills his Vaſe with fetid Oil,
Preſs'd from th' enormous Whale; the God of Fire,
From whoſe Dominion ſmoaky Clouds aſpire,
Among theſe gen'rous Preſents joins his Part,
And aids with Soot the new japanning Art.
Pleas'd ſhe receives the Gifts ſhe downwards glides.
Lights in *Fleet-Ditch*, and ſhoots beneath the Tides.
Now dawns the Morn, the ſturdy Lad awakes,
Leaps from his Stall, his tangled Hair he ſhakes;

Then

Then leaning o'er the Rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black Canal of Mud,
Where Common-Sewers a lulling Murmur keep,
Whoſe Torrents ruſh from *Holborn*'s fatal Steep:
Penſive through Idleneſs, Tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded Heart and waſh'd his Face.
At length he ſighing cry'd, that Boy is bleſs'd,
Whoſe Infant Lips have drain'd a Mother's Breaſt;
But happier far be thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a Father and a Mother own;
But I alas! hard Fortune's utmoſt Scorn,
Who ne'er knew Father, was an Orphan born!
Some Boys are rich by Birth beyond all Wants,
Belov'd by Uncles and by good old Aunts.
When Time comes round a Chriſtmas-Box they bear,
And one Day makes 'em rich for all the Year.
Had I the Precepts of a Father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the Coachman's Fare had earn'd;
For leſſer Boys can drive; I thirſty ſtand,
And ſee the double Flaggon charge their Hand,
See 'em puff off the Froth and gulp amain,
While with dry Tongue I lick my Lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving Tide,
In widen'd Circles beats on ev'ry Side,
The Goddeſs roſe amid the inmoſt Round,
With wither'd Turnip-tops her Temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping Treſſes, lank and black,
As the ſmooth Jet, or gloſſy Ravens Back;
Around her Waiſt a circling Eel was twin'd,
Which bound her Robe, that hung in Rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the Boy, ſhe thus begun:
Thy Pray'rs are granted, weep no more my Son;
Go ſtrive, at ſome frequented Corner ſtand;
This Bruſh I give thee, graſp it in thy Hand;
Temper the Soot within this Vaſe of Oil,
And let the little Tripod aid thy Toil.

On this, methinks, I ſee the walking Crew,
At thy Requeſt ſupport the miry Shoe;
The Foot grows black, that was with Dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy Pocket jingling Ha'pence ſound;
The Goddeſs plunged ſwift beneath the Flood,
And daſhes all around her Show'rs of Mud.
The Youth ſtrait choſe his Poſt; the Labour ply'd,
Where branching Streets from *Charing-Croſs* divide;
His treble Voice reſounds along the *Meuſe*,
And *Whitehall* echoes—*clean your Honour's Shoes.*

French Fopperies. By the ſame Hand.

In *Paris* there's a Race of Animals,
(I've ſeen 'em at their Opera's and Balls,)
They ſtand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in Action, Paroquets in Talk;
They're crown'd with Feathers like the Cockatoo,
And like Cameleons, daily change their Hue.
From Patches juſtly plac'd, they borrow Graces,
And with Vermilion lacquer o'er their Faces:
This Cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
They by frequenting Ladies Toilets learn.
How happy lives the Man, who ſure to charm,
Whoſe Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
On him the Ladies caſt the yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Songs, and languiſh in his Dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy Hat no ſcarlet Plumes adorn;
No broider'd Flow'rs his Worſted Ancle grace,
Nor Cane, emboſs'd with Gold, directs his Pace;
No Lady's Favour on his Sword was hung,
What tho' *Apollo* dictates from his Tongue,
His Wit is ſpiritleſs and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Aſſurance of Brocade and Lace.

While

While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
The fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather.
He dreſſes, fences: What avails to know?
For Ladies chuſe their Men, like Silks, for Show.
Yet let us not their looſe Coquet'ry blame,
Women of every Nation are the ſame.

You aſk me if *Pariſian* Dames, like ours,
With rattling Dice profane the *Sunday*'s Hours,
If they the pale-ey'd Gameſter's Vigils keep,
And ſtake their Honour while their Huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like *Engliſh* Toaſts, the Dames of *France*,
Will riſque their Income on a ſingle Chance;
But here no Wife can blaſt her Huſband's Fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable Name.
Stretch'd on the Graſs, the Shepherd ſighs his Pain,
And on the Graſs what Shepherd ſighs in vain?
Such were our Pleaſures in the Days of Yore,
When am'rous *Charles Britannia*'s Scepter bore;
The Nightly Scene of Joy the *Park* was made,
And Love, in Couples, peopled every Shade:
But ſince at Court the rural Taſte is loſt,
What mighty Sums have Velvet Couches coſt?
Like *France*, our Courtiers keep a num'rous Train,
To load their Coach; and Tradeſmen dun in vain.

Nor has Religion left us in the Lurch,
And as in *France*, our Vulgar croud the Church.
Our Ladies too ſupport the Maſquerade,
The Sex by Nature love th' intriguing Trade.

Here on the open Stage the Youth of *France*
In bright Array attend the Female Glance;
This languiſhes, this ſtruts; to ſhew his Mien,
And not a Gold clock-Stocking moves unſeen.

But hark! the full Orcheſtra ſtrikes the Strings:
The Hero ſtruts, and the whole Audience ſings;
My jarring Ear harſh, grating Murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd like *Babel*'s mingled Sound.

O ſooth

O ſooth me with ſome ſoft *Italian* Air,
Let Harmony compoſe my tortur'd Ear!
When *Anaſtaſia*'s Voice commands the Strain,
The melting Warble thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;
Thought ſtands Suſpence and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her Notes the heav'nly Choir deſcends.
You'll think 'tis Time ſome other Theme to chuſe,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muſe.
Should I let Satire looſe on *Engliſh* Ground,
There, Fools of various Characters abound;
But here, my Verſe is to one Race confin'd;
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.

A Paſtoral. By the ſame.

Come Night as dark at Pitch ſurround my Head,
From *Sparabella Bumpkinet* is fled;
The Ribbon that his val'rous Cudgel won,
Laſt *Sunday* happier *Clumſilis* put on,
Sure if he'd Eyes, (but Love, they ſay, has none)
I whilone by that Ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day; I'm ſhent with baneful Smart,
For with the Ribbon he beſtow'd his Heart.
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.
I've often ſeen my Viſage on yon Lake,
Nor are my Features of the homelieſt Make.
Tho' *Clumſilius* may boaſt a whiter Dye,
Yet the black Sloe turns in my rolling Eye;
And faireſt Bloſſoms drop with ev'ry Blaſt,
But the brown Beauty will like Hollies laſt.
Her wan Complexion's like the wither'd Leek,
While Katherine Pears adorn my ruddy Cheek.
Yet ſhe alas! the witleſs Lout hath won,
And by her Gait, poor *Sparabel*'s undone!

Let

Let Hares and Hounds in coupling Straps unite,
The clucking Hen make Friendſhip with the Kite;
Let the Fox ſimply wear the nuptial Nooſe,
And join in Wedlock with the wadling Gooſe;
For Love hath brought a ſtranger Thing to paſs,
The faireſt Shepherd weds the fouleſt Laſs.
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.

Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder Wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his Game,
While all my Cheek was glowing red with Shame.
My Lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful Look,
Then from his Purſe of Silk a Guinea took;
Into my Hand he forc'd the tempting Gold,
While I with modeſt Struggling broke his Hold.
He ſwore that *Dick*, in Liv'ry ſtrip'd with Lace,
Should wed me ſoon to keep me from Diſgrace;
But I no Footman priz'd, nor golden Fee,
For what is Lace or Gold compar'd to thee?
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.

The SHEPHERD *and* NIGHTINGALE.

By Mr. A. PHILLIPS.

When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Elizah*'s Reign,
There liv'd in great Eſteem a jolly Swain.
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Cuſtom was, at Leiſure laid,
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magic of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Sterlings left their Food; and Creatures wild,
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.

He

He makes the Birds in Troops about h'm throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.
Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She tun'd her Ear; and emulous with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or briſker Motion to his Meaſure gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the Song:
But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd:
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find,
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee,
The Rudeneſs of my rural Fife I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.
Aloft in Air ſhe ſat, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd at laſt he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove,
His utmoſt Art, if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt, redeem.
He draws in Breath his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to ſhrill,
From Note to Note in Haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply:
And now they thrill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet Surprize.
Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain;
But to herſelf firſt cons the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;

Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at Length
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conqueſt. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware he bore:
The Harp itſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he acroſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence thou doſt excel
No trivial Artiſt: And at that he wound,
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower anſwer'ing ſtill to thoſe above.
His reſtleſs Fingers traverſe to and fro,
And in Purſuit of Harmony they go:
Now, lightly ſkimming, o'er the Strings they paſs,
Like Winds that gently bruſh the plying Graſs,
And melting Airs ariſe at their Command,
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand,
He ſinks into the Cords with ſolemn Pace,
And gives the ſwelling Tones a manly Grace.
Then, intricate, he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Muſick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.
The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And, pos'd, ſhe does her troubled Spirits vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing ſung:
She, with the fatal Love of Glory ſtung,
Hears all in Pain; her Heart begins to ſwell;
In piteous Notes ſhe ſighs; in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguiſh: He, ſtill ſinging, plies
His limber Joints; her Sorrows higher riſe.

How

How ſhall ſhe bear a Conqu'ror, who before,
No Equal, thro' the Grove, in Muſick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings and moans,
And fetches from her Breaſt melodious Groans;
Oppreſs'd with Grief at laſt, too great to quell,
Down breathleſs on the guilty Harp ſhe fell.

To a Lady of great Wit and Learning.

In Beauty, or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,
To queſtion your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of Diſcerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,
With muſty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Females deny'd;
So *Papiſts* refuſe
The *Bible* to uſe,
Leſt *Flocks* ſhould be wiſe as their *Guide*.

'Twas a *Woman* at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In *Knowledge* that taſted *Delight*;
And Sages agree,
That Laws ſhould decree,
To the firſt Poſſeſſor the Right.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Reſume the old Claim,
Which to your own Sex does belong;
And let Men receive
From a *Second* bright *Eve*,
The Knowledge of *Right* and of *Wrong*,

But if the firſt *Eve*,
Her Doom did receive,
When only *One Apple* had ſhe,
What a Puniſhment new,
Shall be found out for you,
Who, taſting, have robb'd the *whole Tree!*

The HUSBAND.

Lucia was charming, young, and gay,
But *Lucia*'s Love cou'd ſave my Life!
I ſtole her youthful Heart away,
And bound her to my Breaſt for Life.

In Love and Joy was ſpent the Night,
That gave my *Lucia* to my Arms;
In ev'ry Kiſs I ſipt Delight,
And ev'ry Moment found freſh Charms.

When Paſſions Force began decline,
Lucia, methought, was not ſo fair;
Her Face I found was——not divine,
Tho' ſomething, ſtill, was pretty there.

Her Skin was ſpotleſs, white, and pure,
Had Nature's Malice quite eſcap'd;
Yet notwithſtanding——I was ſure
I'd ſeen a hundred better ſhap'd.

In Morning-Tire her Charms I prais'd;
Looſe *Venus* in her Mien expreſs'd;
But now my Taſte was ſunk——or rais'd,
I like her better richly dreſs'd.

Her Words were poignant as her Eyes,
Gentle and tender as her Touch;

And

And yet—tho' her Diſcourſe was wiſe,
I thought, ſhe rather talk'd too much.

How charmed with her dear Diſcourſe!
That could my Senſes Pris'ners take:
I liſten now, indeed—but—'tis by Force,
And really makes my Head to ach.

O! how I long'd for ſilent Night!
So eager was I, and ſo fond——
But now it ſeems a forc'd Delight,
Or Dun for Payment of my Bond.

" *Strephon*, my Dear," would *Lucia* cry,
And throw her Arms in Hopes to pleaſe—
" My Head achs, Child," turning, cry'd I;
" Pray let me go to ſleep."

" Come, let me hold it hard, my Love;
" To cure it, let me take ſome Courſe;
" O! Child, 'twill kill me if I move,
" And, if you touch it, 'twill be worſe."

At length fatigu'd with licens'd Joy,
And the Careſſes of a Wife;
Thoſe regular Delights ſoon cloy,
While waning Paſſion turn'd to Strife.

The idle Cupids all grew tame,
And cooly left me by Degrees;
Forgot to ſtir the wanton Flame,
And, drowſy, ſunk to careleſs Eaſe.

Tho' Inclination daily fell,
I had remaining Hopes of Life;
I could, methought, do wondrous well
With any Partner, but my Wife.

Of this was born a Wiſh to range,
My Wife's Misfortunes to complete;

The Object I reſolv'd to change,
And ſo revive the dying Heat.

This Reſolution I purſu'd,
And eager ſought the wanton Fair:
My Spirits ſhe a-while renew'd,
And baniſh'd dull domeſtic Care.

Of ev'ry pleaſing Art poſſeſs'd,
That can the Soul in Tranſports keep;
She kiſs'd, endear'd, grew coy, careſs'd,
Then kindly lull'd me to a Sleep.

" Such Charms, I cry'd, we muſt obey,
" They claim an Empire o'er the Heart:
" Nor blame me, *Lucia*, when I ſay,
" You have not half my *Suky*'s Art.

" Your modeſt Bluſh but warms the Will;
" Your Tranſports but by Order move;
" But *Suky* fires me with her Skill,
" And ſhews the boundleſs Rage of Love.

When did you roll the wanton Eye?
" Or heave the Breaſt with azure Vein?
" Or when in ſwooning Pleaſure die?
" Or when by Pleaſure riſe again?

But, oh! vain Thought! a Week ſcarce paſs'd,
New Wiſhes came, and rais'd freſh Strife:
Thoſe burning Raptures could not laſt,
And *Suky* too was but a Wife.

To a Friend who diſſuaded him from Love.

In vain, dear Friend, you bid me rove,
And fly the cruel Fair;

Alas!

Alas! you know not that my Love
Takes Comfort from Deſpair.

Tho' *Chloe*'s Frowns my Love upbraid,
'Tis Joy to ſee her ſtill;
'Tis Joy to hear the charming Maid,
Altho' her Accents kill.

Then ſigh no more, dear Friend for me,
Nor cheat me into Reſt:
Compleatly wretched will I be,
Or be compleatly bleſs'd.

Chac'd from its lov'd Abode by Death,
The Spirit ſhrinks away;
Yet ſeeks again to give it Breath,
And hovers round the Clay.

No longer then of me complain;
For ſhould your Will controul,
Say, how ſhould I myſelf ſuſtain;
For *Chloe* is my Soul.

For her Life prunes its tender Wing;
To her myſelf I owe:
From her alone my Actions ſpring,
And all my Paſſions flow.

The SYMPATHY.

Fair *Chloe*, gay ſmiling one Day,
In frolickſome whimſical Way,
Cried, *Strephon*, " I pray now reveal.
" The Pains and the Torments you feel;
" And knowing how much you endure,
" I may perhaps offer a Cure."

Poor

Poor *Strephon*, all Obedience ſigh'd,
And to the fair one thus reply'd;
" It is ſcarce poſſible to ſhew,
" What only thoſe who feel can know;
" Yet none there are who can reveal,
" More truly, what true Lovers feel.

" To buy the Pains which we endure,
" A Monarch's Treaſure is too poor;
" To think on thee too lovely Fair,
" Is all our Joy, and all our Care.
" Tho' various Charms around us riſe,
" No other Charm attracts our Eyes.
" To her lov'd Form our Senſes ſtray,
" While other Objects glide away;
" Or, if unknowingly we rove,
" Thro' all the Mazes of the Grove,
" Indulging and increaſing Care,
" Loſt to ourſelves, we find her there;
" Fancy preſents her to the Mind,
" And only Fancy paints her kind:
" Yet, to increaſe the growing Flame,
" The wounded Bark muſt bear her Name;
" Or, ſtealing by the murm'ring Stream,
" For Solitude is Joy ſupreme.
" To thoſe who love, and love like me,
" We ſee the Fair in all we ſee;
" And, leſt we ſhould forget the ſame,
" Fond Eccho ſtill repeats the Name.
" The Fair we tremble to eſpy,
" Yet wiſh no other Object nigh.
" When ſeated near the lovely Fair,
" The Lover may his Pains declare,
" And ſoftly breath his ardent Vow,
" He taſtes of Bliſs, as I do now."

Here *Strephon* then hung down his Head;
When *Chloe* thus, ſportively ſaid;
" 'Tis an Evil that ſpreads like a Flame;
" Ah! *Strephon*, I yield to the ſame.".
In Ecſtacy *Strephon* appear'd;
Till *Chloe* cry'd, " 'Tis what I fear'd:
" Yes, *Strephon*, I feel it is true,
" For *Corydon*, tho' not for you:
" For *Corydon* doubly I feel
" The Paſſion I ſtrive to reveal:
" And ſince you ſo well can explain
" Love's various Tortures and Pain,
" That I may not too burthenſome prove,
" He ſhall teach me the Pleaſures of Love."

The HAPPY PAIR. *A* SONG.

At *Upton* on the Hill,
There lives a happy Pair:
The Swain by Name is *Will*,
And *Molly* is the Fair.
Ten Years are gone and more,
Since *Hymen* join'd theſe two;
Their Hearts were one before
The Sacred Rites they knew.

Since which auſpicious Day
Sweet Harmony does reign;
Both Love and both obey;
Hear this each Nymph and Swain.
If haply Cares invade
(As who is free from Care?)
Th' Impreſſion's lighter made,
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
They've no ambitious View;

In

In Plenty live, not State,
Not envy thoſe that do:
Sure Pomp is empty Noiſe,
And Cares increaſe with Wealth;
They aim at truer Joys,
Tranquillity and Health.

With Safely and with Eaſe
Their preſent Life does flow;
They fear no raging Seas,
Nor Rocks that lurk below.
May ſtill a ſteady Gale
Their little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail
Till Life ſhall have an End.

The FORSAKEN LOVER.

A SONG.

Deſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sigh with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murm'ring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld her fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
She talk'd and I bleſs' the dear Tongue!
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown;
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town;
To think that a Beauty ſo gay
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah *Colin* thy Hopes are in vain;
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
If thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Shew,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While *Colin* forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs, when beneath the pale Moon,
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

The COMPLAINING LOVER.

A SONG.

My Time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When *Phœbe* went with me wherever I went.
Ten thouſand ſweet Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt,
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was bleſs'd!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a Sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up to play, or to lie down to Sleep
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My Fair-one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart——I am ſure weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, *little Cupid* if *Phœbe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear:

But

But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, whilſt I go in Pain?
Peace then with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phœbe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their Prime!
But now in their Frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces a Handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair-one and me:
And *Phœbe* was pleas'd too, and to the Dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head;
But now when he's fawning I with a ſour Look,
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phœbe*'s away?

When walking with *Phœbe*, what Sights have I ſeen!
How fair were the Flowers, how freſh was the Green!
What lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made!
But ſince he has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry Thing elſe an agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals I ſee what it was that you dreſs'd,
And made yourſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt;
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

How ſlowly Time creeps till my *Phœbe* return,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn?
Methinks if I knew where-abouts he would tread,
I would breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead,
Fly faſter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah! *Colin*, old Time is too full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, *Colin*, thy Paſſion remove;
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?

No,

No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one too fair.

The OLD BAWD'S LURE *to a Country Girl on her firſt Arrival in Town: Or, a Caution to* MAIDENS.

By Mr. MARCHANT.

My ſweet pretty Maiden, how charming you look!
I ſwear by bright *Venus* you are fit for a Duke.
The Roſe is not blooming, the Lilly not fair,
When you among Roſes and Lillies appear.
Your Sweetneſs and Beauty, ſo lovely and gay,
Exceed all the Bloſſoms and Fragrance of *May*.

But, Child, you'll remember thoſe Gifts were beſtow'd,
To uſe them with Prudence, and while they are good.
Thy Charms, now ſo tempting, will laſt but a while,
And Beauty, tho' perfect, is ſubject to Spoil;
Like this Roſe, which you ſee ſo freſh and ſo ſweet,
To-morrow will die, and be thrown in the Street.

Believe me, my Fair-one, that Bloom was deſign'd
To bleſs ſome young Lover, gay, ſprightly and kind,
Who always has ready a Treaſure of Joys,
Whoſe Friendſhip ne'er ſlackens, whoſe Love never cloys,
Whoſe Heart is ſtill open, unbounded and free,
That had he the *Indies*, he'd give 'em for thee.

Such a Lover I have for thee in my Eye,
Each Lady who ſees him is ready to die;
He ſcorns the fine Madams and Flirts of the Town,
And innocent Nature prefers to a Crown.
With him thou wilt never know Sorrow or Strife,
Come then, my dear Girl, and be happy for Life.

Juſt ſo the ſly Tempter of old did deceive,
And ruin the beautiful, innocent *Eve*;
Juſt ſo her fair Race ever ſince hath been foil'd,
By ſpecious Pretences to Ruin beguil'd;
Allured from Virtue by glittering Toys,
They part from all ſolid and durable Joys.

Miss *on her Fan.* By the ſame Hand.

This fluttering Fan
Well brandiſh I can,
And flirt it about as I pleaſe;
I friſk it and crack it,
And inſtantly make it
Turn this Way or that as I pleaſe.

When Weather is hot,
It cools like a Grot,
And breathes like an Evening Breeze,
When ſoft Zephyr blows,
And fans the Sweet Roſe,
Or whiffles the Leaves on the Trees.

The Heat it allays
That fluſh'd in my Face,
And gave it too much of the Roſe;
It wafts up a Wind,
Which pleaſant I find,
And grateful Refreſhment beſtows.

If thro' Froſt and Snow,
In a Morning I go,
The Wind in Teeth blowing hard;
My Noſe would be blue,
My Cheeks the ſame Hue,
Had I not my good Fan for a Ward.

When angry or vex'd,
With Trouble perplex'd,
My Spirits and Fan's in a Flutter;
Then if I want Words,
Its Aid it affords,
And helps me my Paſſion to utter.

At Church it prevents
All idle Intents,
And my Thoughts tow'rds Heaven will bend;
With my Fan o'er my Eyes,
My Devotion will riſe,
And my Prayers ſincerely aſcend.

In Company rude,
Where Talk is too lewd
For Maids without Bluſhing to hear,
To ſhew my Diſtaſte,
My Fan in all Haſte,
Spread over my Face ſhall appear.

Since thus I employ
My Fan, it's no Toy,
Its Uſes are noble and kind;
Our Bluſhes it hides,
Our Piety guides,
And gives and defends us from Wind.

The FLEA.

Little Flea, why ſo blood thirſty?
Thou'ſt drank, till it has almoſt burſt thee,
Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,
To ſtir a Step on *Strephon*'s Errand.

Yet prithee, ſweet ſincere Backbiter,
To *Chloe* go, that falſe Delighter;
O hide thyſelf within her Bodice,
And make her own ſhe is no Goddeſs.

Tell her the Shafts of *Cupid*'s Quiver
So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver;
And when ſhe holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,
Say how her Love-ſick *Strephon* lingers,

The JOLLY FELLOW.

A SONG.

I am a luſty lively Lad,
Now come to One and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver Plenty:
Now he's in Grave I will be brave,
The Ladies ſhall adore me;
I'll court and kiſs, what Harm's in this
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and Body ſundred;
Some ſay he was an Uſurer
For Thirty in the Hundred:
He ſcrap'd and ſcratch'd, ſhe pinch'd, and patch'd,
That in her Body bore me;

But

But I let fly, good Reaſon why;
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done
In getting ſo much Treaſure;
I'll be as dutiful a Son,
For ſpending it in Pleaſure:
Five Pounds a Quart ſhall chear my Heart,
Such Nectar will reſtore me;
But I'll let fly, good Reaſon why,
My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Waſhington*,
My Grandfire delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old *John Thraſhington*,
Whoſe lantern Leather Breeches
Cry'd, whither go ye, whither go ye?
Tho' Men do now adore me,
They ne'er did ſee my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Grandfire ſtriv'd, and woo'd, and thriv'd,
Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much Wealth atcheiv'd,
O! then he got my Father;
Of happy Memory, cry I,
That e're his Mother bore him,
I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-School, *Cambridge* and *Gray's-Inn*,
My Grey-coat Grandfire put him,
Till to forget he did begin,
The Leathern Breech that got him;
One dealt in Straw, t'other in Law;
The one did ditch and delve it;

My

My Father Store of Sattin wore,
My Grandſire Beggar's Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
My Grandſire were a Sawyer?
My Father prov'd to be a Thief,
And ſubtil, learned Lawyer:
By *Coke*'s Reports and Tricks in Courts,
He did with Treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heav'n bleſs the Day,
My Father was born before me.

Some ſay of late, a Merchant that
Had gotten ſtore of Riches,
In's Dining Room hung up his Hat,
His Staff, and Leathern Breeches;
His Stockings garter'd up with Straws,
E'er Providence did ſtore him;
His Son was Sheriff of *London*, 'cauſe
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Clothing,
At firſt did ſpring from Butter-milk,
Their Anceſtors worth nothing.
Old *Adam* and our Grandam *Eve*,
By digging and by ſpinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Eſtate,
Tho' ſelfiſh, yet was ſlaviſh;
I'll ſpend it at another Rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh:
From Madmen, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiouſly receive it;

If

If he did ſo, Juſtice forbid,
But I to ſuch would leave it.

At Play-houſes and Tennis-Court,
I'll prove a Noble Fellow:
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of O brave Punchinello:
I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and ſtab,
No Hector ſhall out-roar me;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counſellors would have
Us live by Rules and Reaſon,
'Cauſe they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleaſure's out of Seaſon:
I'll learn to dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleaſure had,
Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus'* Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty;
I'll deal with all, both great and ſmall,
From Twelve to five and twenty:
In Play houſes I'll ſpend my Day,
For they're hung round with Plackets;
Ladies make Room, behold I come,
Have at your cleanly Jackets.

The FAIR THIEF.

Before the Urchin well could go,
She ſtole the Whiteneſs of the Snow;
And more that Whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the Bluſhes of the Morn;

Stole

Stole all the Sweetneſs Æther ſheds
On Primroſe Buds and Vi'let Beds.

Still to reveal her artful Wiles,
She ſtole the Graces ſilken Smiles,
She ſtole *Aurora*'s balmy Breath,
And pilfer'd Orient Pearls for Teeth;
The Cherry dipt in Morning Dew
Gave Moiſture to her Lips and Hue.

Theſe were her infant Spoils a Store,
And ſhe in Time ſtill pilfer'd more.
At Twelve, ſhe ſtole from *Cyprus*' Queen
Her Air, and Love-commanding Mien;
Stole *Juno*'s Dignity, and ſtole
From *Pallas*, Senſe, to charm the Soul.

Apollo's Wit was next her Prey;
Her next, the Beam that lights the Day;
She ſung—amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,
And to aſſert their Voice appear'd;
She play'd—the *Muſes* from their Hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their Skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her Crimes, and Art,
And t'other Day ſhe ſtole my Heart.
If Lovers, *Cupid*, are thy Care,
Exert thy Vengeance on the Fair;
To Trial bring her ſtolen Charms,
And let her Priſon be my Arms.

The DESPAIRING MAID.

A TALE.

In antient Times, in *Britain*'s Iſle,
Lord *Henry* well was known,

Nor

Nor Knight in all the Land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd Renown,
His Thoughts on Honour always run,
He ne'er could bow to Love;
No Nymph in all the Land had Charms
His frozen Heart to move.
Amongſt the Nymphs where *Cath'rine* came,
The faireſt Face ſhe ſhews,
She was as bright as Morning Sun,
And ſweeter than the Roſe:
Altho' ſhe was of mean Degree,
She daily Conqueſts gains;
For ne'er a Youth who her beheld,
Eſcap'd her pow'rful Chains.
But ſoon her Eyes their Luſtre loſt,
Her Cheeks grew pale and wan,
A Pining ſeiz'd her lovely Form,
And Cares were all in vain.
The Sickneſs was to all unknown,
That did the Fair-one waſte,
Her Time in Sighs and Floods of Tears,
And bloken Slumbers paſt.
Once in a Dream ſhe cry'd aloud,
O! *Henry* I'm undone!
O! cruel Fate! O wretched Maid!
My Love muſt ne'er be known!
Such is the Fate of Woman-kind,
The Truth they muſt conceal,
I'll die ten thouſand thouſand Deaths.
E'er I my Love reveal.
A tender Friend that watch'd the Fair,
To *Henry* hy'd away;
My Lord, ſaid ſhe, we've found the Cauſe
Of *Cath'rine*'s quick Decay.
She in a Dream the Secret told,
Till now no Mortal knew;

Alas!

Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
And dies for Love of you!
The gen'rous *Henry*'s Soul was touch'd,
His Heart began to flame;
Ah! poor unhappy Maid, he cry'd.
Yet I am not to blame.
Ah *Cath'rine!* too too modeſt Maid,
Thy Love I never knew;
I'll eaſe your Pain: And ſwift as Wind
To her Bed-ſide he flew:
Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
Awake! awake! my Dear;
If I had only gueſs'd your Love,
You ne'er had ſhed a Tear.
'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted Charms;
I come to ſave thee from Deſpair,
And take thee to my Arms.
Theſe Words reviv'd the dying Fair,
She rais'd her drooping Head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd Youth,
She ſtarted from the Bed.
Around his Neck her Arms ſhe flung,
In Extaſy and cries,
Will you be kind? Will you indeed?
My Love!—and ſo ſhe dies.

FINIS.

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